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ἀληθείαν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

Edited by JOHN WILLIAM COATES.

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Au Courant.

THE question as to the precise difference between sacred and secular music is agitating a good many minds at present, owing no doubt to the great increase in the number of Sunday concerts. The Select Committee of the House of Lords have even been trying to get at the bottom of the mystery, and in the course of examining various individuals have elicited some curious information. Mr. G. King, chairman of the Leeds Sunday Lecture Society, stated that he was not able to draw a distinction between sacred and secular music as such. Unless he knew the tune, he could not tell which was which. Yet he did not think that he would be as much "impressed religiously" by the one as by the other! Mr. W. J. Argent, representing the Liverpool Sunday Society, went a little more into detail. He admitted that there was enormous difficulty in drawing a line of demarcation between sacred and secular music, and for safety he thought it best to adhere to the loftier kind of instrumental music, which had no words. For instance, the well-known Vesper Hymn, associated with the Church Service, was a hymn tune; but if the same melody were set to "Rose, Rose, coal-black Rose," it became nothing more or less than a nigger melody, yet the notes of both were identical. Leading airs from the "Stabat Mater" had been sung in the opera "Il Conte Ugolina." "He layeth His beams on the face of the waters," in *Israel in Egypt*, was taken from an Italian opera. The same composer's familiar Largo in G figured in the first instance as an address to a heathen goddess in the opera *Xerxes*, and so on. The shortest way out of the difficulty would be to declare that all good music is sacred, and all bad music execrably unsacred, and then let the Sunday concert people decide for themselves.

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SOME interesting details about Sarasate are given by a friend who lately travelled in his company. It seems he constantly wears attached to his watch-chain a tiny silver violin case containing a tiny silver violin. The instrument is an exact model of Paganini's, and Sarasate had it made in Bond Street, and wears it as a *porte bonheur*. The eminent violinist, unlike some of our musicians, is a great reader, and is specially interested in modern Spanish literature. He prefers historical novels, and even for a railway journey does not find such reading too heavy. Painting is another of his interests, and he never talks more brilliantly than on the subject of Spanish art. He likes above all things to talk about Velasquez. Sarasate does not like the American interviewers. They make a big mistake, he says, in asking travellers "how you like the country," before they have well set foot on it. "I will tell you when I leave," is his natural answer.

ACCORDING to one of the Italian papers, the leading tenor at the Scala Theatre has been paid on a novel principle—not for each appearance, but for each note that he sings, the unit of remuneration being three francs. Thus in one of Mascagni's operas his part contained 610 notes; and he was accordingly paid 1830 francs each time he sang in this opera. However, at the close of the season the tenor refused to renew his engagement unless the tariff was raised to five francs per note. This the manager refused to concede. Still, 610 notes at five francs each would fall considerably short of what Jean de Reszké or Signor Tamagno are paid for a single performance.

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SPEAKING of Jean de Reszké, that was an extraordinary scene which New York witnessed on the night of his farewell appearance there. A number of ladies crept under the orchestra rails, leaned upon the edge of the stage, and when Mr. de Reszké came near the footlights, touched his knees and his feet in mute adoration, as devotees in the Middle Ages worshipped the sanctified leaders of the Church! The officials of the opera house put an end to the astounding tomfoolery by turning down the lights and threatening to eject the offenders. Most people will agree with the Chicago *Tribune* that the cure of such fools should be taken in hand by "the level-headed, sensible women who are managing questions of feminine reform, and preparing the way for the coming woman."

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DR. SWINNERTON HEAP's appointment as conductor of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society in succession to Mr. Stockley is one that will give general satisfaction. The new conductor bears a good record as a musician; and although he has chosen to remain in his native county, his reputation is not confined to the provinces. He won the Mendelssohn Scholarship when he was eighteen, and he was a Mus. Doc. of Cambridge at twenty-four. Dr. Heap's election was made on the rather unusual plan of allowing the chorus to vote for the candidates. The Doctor is evidently popular with the members, since he polled 279 out of 309 votes. Mr. Stockley's difficulty with the Committee is said to have arisen on the question whether operas should be sung without costume or action in the fashion of the day. He objects to these, and prefers works intended for choral societies. There seems also to have been some friction of other kinds.

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THE glorious uncertainty of the English law has long since passed into a proverb; but never perhaps has its vagaries been so well exhibited as in a couple of cases recently heard in London. Both cases were of special interest to musical people. In the first case, the defendants, Signor and Madame Landi, were teachers of music, occupying a semi-detached house. A Mrs. Eyre, the plaintiff, was their neighbour.

She was subject to nervous headaches, and they had become chronic because the defendants taught singing and kept two pianos going and a dozen young ladies practising scales and exercises from 10 o'clock till 1, and from 3 o'clock till 7. An injunction was asked for on the ground that this constituted a nuisance, and in the end it was granted, the plaintiff agreeing to the continuance of the practice during the morning hours. This, in the circumstances, was good law. Music teachers must practise their profession somewhere, but they cannot insist upon practising it to the annoyance of their neighbours.

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BUT now look at the other case. Three English youths disguised themselves like Italians, and made their appearance in Norfolk Street, Strand, with a piano-organ, to the dismay of a private hotel-keeper there, who was enjoying a quiet Bank Holiday in his own parlour. The way the youths turned the machine was "something abnormal." He asked them to go away, but they refused; and indeed he heard one whisper to the other, "Let's give it to the old buffer louder," and the two of them then took hold of the handle and made it fly at triple expansion speed. Ultimately the hotel-keeper gave them in charge, and they were brought before Mr. Vaughan at Bow Street. In reply to the magistrate, the complainant said he was doing no business on Bank Holiday; there was no sickness in the house, and the organ-playing did not affect his health. Then followed this little dialogue:

Mr. Vaughan: "Unless you are disturbed in your business, or there is sickness in the house, or your health is affected by the sounds of the organ, you cannot interfere." The complainant: "Then, can they play an organ in my street all day long?" Mr. Vaughan: "Yes, unless the health of yourself or your family is injured, or your business is affected." The complainant: "That's enough to affect any one's health." Mr. Vaughan, turning to the accused, remarked: "There are people who like to listen to an organ; to others an organ is a source of misery. It is evident that the prosecutor was not favourably impressed with your music. Nevertheless, you were improperly taken into custody, and will be discharged."

In other words, as the *Daily Telegraph* puts it, organ-grinders have the right to torture a healthy man into sickness, and he has no redress, but when he is ill and unable to leave his bed his relatives may order the torturers to cease until the patient is sufficiently convalescent to fall ill again.

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ACCORDING to the Continental reports, it appears to be definitely settled that Eugen d'Albert is to be Court conductor at Weimar. That d'Albert should prefer the quiet post of conductor at a German provincial theatre to the exciting life of a virtuoso is somewhat in-

explicable, although of course his friends look upon the choice as another evidence of his artistic earnestness and elevated idealism. By the way, I learn from the Berlin correspondent of the *Musical Courier* that d'Albert's second wife has left him. He was the lady's third husband; I wonder who will be her next and fourth, and how the children will be divided up.

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HERR MOTTL has been interviewed by the musical critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, as the *Violet Cover* puts it, writes of the famous conductor and his doings with quite a fine frenzy. Mottl, we are told, has a splendid dignity of gesture and quite a magisterial air. On the question of our English pitch he seems to have worked himself up as high as that which he condemned. "Your English pitch," he said, "is impossible, quite impossible; it is barbarous, absolutely barbarous. Public opinion must be roused, for it is monstrous that this should be inflicted on the ear of the public. I hold it to be the duty of the press to see that some reasonable agitation is inaugurated." Certainly, but where is the need of showing sympathy with a public that shouts itself the hoarser the higher a singer cleaves the gamut? On being reminded that Germany alone seems to grow first-class conductors, Mottl was good enough to say that Signor Mancinelli conducted extremely well, but he immediately discounted this praise by observing that *Cavalleria Rusticana* could be conducted by a hotel "boots." Very complimentary to the "boots," but what about Mancinelli?

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I REGRET to announce the death of Mrs. Sims Reeves. Miss Lucombe was a popular soprano when the eminent tenor married her in 1850, and she subsequently shared with him some of his triumphs on the operatic stage. For many years Mrs. Reeves has lived in retirement, but a good deal of her time has been occupied as a private teacher of singing, for which she had a high reputation. Mr. Reeves will have the sincere sympathy of the music-loving world in his bereavement. Another death to be noted is that of Mr. Alfred Broughton, the well-known Leeds Festival Chorus Master, who has succumbed at the early age of forty-two. Mr. Broughton conducted the first seven rehearsals for the forthcoming festival, but was obliged, in consequence of failing health and loss of voice, to relinquish the post.

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A GOOD many people are totally ignorant of the precise duties performed by that ecclesiastical functionary known as the precentor. They do not understand why at important churches and cathedrals the control of the music should be cut up between two individuals when one official is perfectly capable of doing the whole of the work. Mr. Riseley, the organist of Bristol Cathedral, will sympathise with them. He has just emerged from an expensive law suit, in which he has found it impossible to have himself protected from the interference of his co-official, the aforesaid precentor. The case as to its details was somewhat involved; but the broad fact stands out that Precentor Mann objected to Mr. Riseley revising the harmonies of certain chants used in the cathedral. Very likely the harmonies were all the better for being revised; but there is a Bristol "use" which, it seems, is strictly conserved, and in the precentor's view it is as impious to alter it as to alter the text of Scripture itself. And so Mr. Riseley and Precentor Mann are "as you were"—except, of course, that they love each other better than they did before!

THE coming Gloucester Festival will have a few novelties, but they do not promise to be of very lasting value. Mr. Lee Williams, the Cathedral organist, contributes "Dedication Church Cantata," and Mr. F. H. Cowen a short oratorio called *The Transfiguration*. There will also be an organ concert by Dr. Harford Lloyd, and a fantasia for piano and orchestra by Miss Ellicott, a daughter of the Bishop. For the rest we shall have Beethoven's Mass in C, Mozart's *Requiem*, Parry's *Saul*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *Lobgesang*, and, of course, *The Messiah*. The history of the three Choirs' Festivals, by the way, has just been brought down to date by Mr. Lee Williams and Mr. H. G. Chance. I hope to deal with the handsome, portly volume next month.

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YSAYE, the celebrated Belgian violinist, seems to be a convert to Alfred Springer's aluminium fiddle. During his American tour he played on one of these instruments at Cincinnati, creating a great sensation, and eliciting many expressions of approval. Then he ordered an instrument to be made specially for himself at a cost of £200. The *Violin Times* thinks that before attaching much importance to this action on the part of Ysaye it will be well to await events, and see if he discards the ordinary fiddle in favour of his specially made aluminium one. If not, we may assume that it was merely a freak to possess a musical curiosity, and may continue believing in our wooden fiddles with a clear conscience. Anyway, if aluminium violins cannot be made for less than £200, they are not likely to get into general use.

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THE report issued recently regarding the teaching of singing in the Elementary State-aided Schools is again calculated to cheer the hearts of the disciples of Sol-fa. The letter notation, as we now learn, is taught in 18,670 departments, whereas ten years ago 18,593 departments were taught entirely by ear. Taking the number of children, we find that in 1884 no fewer than 1,997,572 were being taught by ear, while those being taught to sing from notation (both methods) numbered 1,282,586. In 1894 the figures were 807,461 and 3,427,307 respectively—an immense improvement, due almost entirely to the use of the Tonic Sol-fa method. If the Sol-faists would only insist more upon developing the link between their own and the older notation, one might find reason for congratulating them heartily on these results. As Professor Stanford said in a recent speech, the whole of what is called absolute music is a sealed book to one who knows only the letter notation. The preludes and fugues of Bach, the sonatas and symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms are an unknown language to him; and great as are the possessions of pure choral music, they are only a part, and not the major part, of musical literature.

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"MODERN OPERA HOUSES AND THEATRES," by Mr. Edwin O. Sachs and Ernest A. E. Woodrow, promises to be a sumptuous work. It will be in three volumes, 23 by 16 inches in size, and will contain 220 plates on fine paper, hundreds of diagrams and articles by specialists on everything connected with theatres and opera houses. The only trouble is about the price: nine guineas is a big sum, but no doubt the book will be worth it. I just hope the publisher, Mr. B. T. Batsford, of High Holborn, will not forget that I am a reviewer!

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THE *Musical Standard* gives a portrait and biography of Herr Moritz Rosenthal, the piano-

forte virtuoso, who has hitherto been little more than a name to English people. Rosenthal is only thirty years of age. He is an example of the endurance of the prodigy; for as early as his fourth year he showed remarkable musical ability, and when ten he played in public, performing Chopin's Rondo in C for two pianos, with Mikuli, who was his master. In 1875 his parents settled in Vienna, and the young pianist studied under Rafael Joseffy. Next year he accepted Liszt's invitation to pay a visit to Weimar, where he stayed for two years. After a retirement of six years he appeared in public, and his marvellous performances were soon the talk of all classes of musicians. From that time his career has been one long triumph, and he has been heard everywhere but in London. The account of his performance at the Richter concert will be found in another column.

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ACCORDING to a report in the *Westminster Gazette*, in an interview with Mr. Will Burmester, that gentleman has told a remarkable story of his early life. Concerning Joachim we read:

I learnt nothing from him. I got more harm than good from him. The pupil who goes to Joachim must expect to learn nothing unless he be willing to sacrifice completely his own individuality. All his pupils must play exactly as he tells them, and in no other way. Their way may not be his way, but that is no matter. They must conform to his directions to the minutest detail. . . . When I first went to Joachim, I played everything as I had been taught by my father, with a free wrist—played easily and well almost anything that was set before me. Joachim altered that. For months he set me to do nothing but practise bowing in the way he wished—without using my left hand at all. I played nothing—was allowed to play nothing. Only after I went to Finland and resumed my regular practising did I find myself again. Joachim will have all his pupils replicas of himself. He stereotypes their style. It is the stencil plate applied to music.

Of course it is not for me to contradict Mr. Burmester when he says that he learnt nothing from Joachim. But, accepting the statement as a fact, is it not just possible that the loss may be Mr. Burmester's?

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AT St. James' Hall the other evening a certain Mr. Remington gave an exhibition of the so-called art of colour music. The idea is old; indeed, it is thirty years now since the late Benjamin Lumley, director of Her Majesty's Theatre, drew up a list of colours suggested by various voices—Mario being velvet; Sims Reeves a golden brown; Albani a blue; and Patti a light drab, with occasional touches of coral. But there is really nothing in the notion; the only approach to it, in fact, is that certain singers and certain kinds of music give you the "blues."

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IN a recent number of *The Minster Lady* Hallé tells how she was complimented by Vieuxtemps on one occasion when she had played his violin concerto in E major. After Lady Hallé had finished, the composer came to speak to her, and when she told him how much she regretted never having heard him play the concerto, he said, "Thank God! If you had, you would perhaps never have played it as you do. I never knew before that my concerto was so beautiful; it is a revelation to me." Perhaps a more delicate compliment was never paid by composer to player, although it contained just a suspicion of self-satisfaction. Lady Hallé also tells that, when she first appeared in London, Sir Edward Landseer exclaimed to Millais, "Good gracious! A woman playing the fiddle." Times have changed since then!



Musical Life in London.

THE SCHULZ-CURTIUS CONCERTS.

THESE concerts have now entered upon the third and most crucial stage of their existence, or I should say they entered upon that stage when Levi came over at the beginning of May. My readers will remember that Mr. Schulz-Curtius experimented first with one Mottl concert, then with a short series of Mottl and Siegfried Wagner concerts, and now he is giving us the longest series he has yet attempted. If the remaining concerts of the series stimulate like the first Levi evening, all will be well; but if they are dull, like the Mottl concert of May 22, or exasperating like the Siegfried Wagner concert, then I must warn Mr. Schulz-Curtius that he will quickly ruin his enterprise. At the Mottl concert the programme was an excellent one—on paper. But in practice it worked out not quite so excellently. For instance, the thought of giving the whole of the second act in the *Flying Dutchman* made one gasp with delighted astonishment; but when it came to be performed, one soon realized that Wagner's earlier music bears playing in the concert room even less than his later music. The early music certainly does not possess the passion, beauty, or colour of the music in say the *Götterdämmerung*, and though it is not lacking in dramatic fitness on the stage, it certainly proved very wearisome in Queen's Hall. The singers, Miss Ella Russell, Mr. Andrew Black, Miss Agnes Janson, Mr. David Bispham and Mr. Lloyd Chandos, were, with the exception of the last, quite equal to their work, but they seemed infected with the general dulness, and sang without spirit. The first part of the programme was, in a word, one of the most deplorable failures of recent times. Then most of the critics went off to *Falstaff*, at Covent Garden, and stated in next day's papers that the concert was altogether a failure. If they had waited, they would have learnt that the music and not the artists was to blame. Even Mottl had been oppressed by the weight of the first part, but he went at the music of *Götterdämmerung* with the energy of a young god. Of the three Rhine Maidens, Miss Ralph and Miss Gelber were utterly incompetent; but Miss Janson always sang finely. Mr. Bispham's singing, too, was noble, and Mr. Barlow did not want good-will; but the Mr. Emile Gerhäuser, brought over from Germany to show us how Siegfried should sing, proved to be a shining example of how not to do it. In spite of his efforts, however, a wonderfully beautiful and touching rendering was given to the music; while Mottl triumphed over the impression of boredom created earlier in the evening, by the most magnificent performance of the Funeral March ever heard in London.

Now for the defects of that concert no one can be blamed. When Mr. Schulz-Curtius published his programme, we all chortled in our joy. We know better now. We know that Wagner's early music for the most part will not stand concert performance; and if we found the lesson a wearisome one, Mr. Schulz-Curtius is not to blame. Neither is he to blame for fetching Siegfried Wagner across the second time; but now that we are convinced that Siegfried is no conductor, no composer, no musician at all, and something of a humbug, we want no more of him than of the aforesaid lesson. His reading of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was neither here nor there. Some parts came off,

some didn't, the only good feature being that the right tempi were taken. The overture to *Der Freischütz* was very much the best piece of work he gave us, though it lacked delicacy. But as for his own symphonic poem, "Schus-sucht," it is, without being actual nonsense, the nearest approach to actual nonsense I have ever heard. It is inconsequent, colourless, and tediously drawn out after the finish has arrived. If young Mr. Siegfried Wagner cannot be induced to give up music altogether, or if his mamma cannot be induced to let him give it up, then at least I urge him to destroy all but the first few bars of this symphonic poem, and never to compose again, keeping them only to show him in his old age what an exceeding fool he was in his youth. I have only one word more to Mr. Schulz-Curtius. He charges eighteen-pence for his programme, and that is one and sixpence too much. At any rate, Mr. Holiday's illustrations are not worth one and sixpence; and I suggest to Mr. Schulz-Curtius that he drop them out at once, and lower the price of his programme to threepence—which is more than it is worth—if indeed he cannot give them away for nothing.

I have only room to say that the Mottl concert of June 20 went off gaily; that it was satisfactory to note that, despite Siegfried Wagner, the audience was undiminished; and that it was even more satisfactory to note that the price of the programme was reduced to one shilling. I suggest to Mr. Schulz-Curtius that he should try sixpence next time, and then he can gracefully subside to my proposed threepence at the beginning of next season.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

Really, these various periodic artistic visits are as bad as a death's-head at the feast of life. The visits of the smaller fry are almost as distasteful in themselves, while only the overpowering pleasure of hearing once more such a man as Richter saves one from feeling melancholy as the inevitable reflection occurs that another year is gone, another course of the feast duly devoured. But I am not here to sermonise, and especially just after hearing that magnificent rendering of the Fifth Symphony. The slow movement was a trifle unemotional, but the Scherzo (or what stands for the Scherzo) was wonderfully delicate and crisp, and the finale nothing less than sublime. I have on occasion compared Mottl with Richter, to the disadvantage of the latter. How absurd! Both are great; neither is the greater. For hot, passionate music, flaming with colour, give me Mottl, but for the full depth and breadth of Beethoven give me Richter. Richter, like Mottl, does nearly all things well, and some unsurpassably. Amongst the many things done well on Monday, May 20, I must name the *Kaisermarsch*, the Good Friday music, and Brahms' variations on a Haydn theme (which I continue to abhor), and amongst those done unsurpassably Weber's *Oberon* overture, the *Walkürenritt*, and the Fifth Symphony. And since I find I have exhausted the programme, I conclude the whole concert must have been delightful; and, on reflection, this was so.

On May 27, the second concert came off happily and well. The programme was unusually interesting, for it held Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, the prelude and death-song from *Tristan*, Elizabeth's Prayer and "Greeting" from *Tannhäuser*, the *Leonora* Overture (No. 3, of course), and a new concerto for piano and orchestra by Dr. Stanford. Why the symphony should be called pathetic I cannot tell, and as Tschaikowsky has been dead nearly two years, it is too late to think of asking him, though, perhaps, some of his friends may

know all about it. If they do, I urge them to hurry up with the book they are sure to write sooner or later. It is much better to do a thing of that sort sooner, for then their recollections are not so confused as they will surely become later, and they will put in more about Tschaikowsky and less of what Tschaikowsky thought about them and said to them about themselves. But to return to the symphony, it is a noble work in its way: bold in design, resplendent in colour, and full of beautiful and characteristic melodies. This, however, is vague, and would apply as well to many another work of quite a different school; so I must add that Tschaikowsky's music is Russian of a sort: it holds all the Russian barbaric¹ splendour, force, energy, passion, voluptuous magnificence of colouring, but they are all tamed and made to take their places in the general design. It is this combination of untamed barbarism with civilized order that makes Tschaikowsky's music so stimulating to this generation. In Dvorak one finds the barbarism without the order, and the general unreliability of the man, his tendency for breaking out without reason into mere fuming bad temper or reckless excitement, in the midst of movements which are anything but bad tempered or excited, the careless arrangement which makes the patches of colour very oppressive although they may be in themselves beautiful: these things have put him out of touch with Western nations, who above all things love a little, but not too much, logic. It may be true that we take our pleasures sadly, but at least it is not to our discredit that we don't like to take them as though we were drunk. And Dvorak's music, when Dvorak is at his best, is good music in a delirium. But Tschaikowsky is always master of himself; he uses the splendid things given to him by his Oriental imagination to the finest ends, not wasting them in mere sound and fury, signifying nothing; and the result is a work of which the Russian nation, whether they are or not, may well be proud. For though "Young Russia" tells us that Tschaikowsky is no real Russian at all, and that for real Russian music we must look to Borodin, Glinka, and the rest, the truth is,—and I hope "Young Russia" may see it and take it to heart,—that Tschaikowsky is the spirit of Russian music, but clothed and in its right mind. The only difference one can see between Tschaikowsky and the "Young Russians" is that he is orderly and they are not: consequently one can listen to him without being wearied by the illogicality of the thing, whereas they bore us in a few minutes, because they are like orators who vomit out all that is in their minds without thinking of such little matters as logic and sequence. They are like the critic of *The Times*, who writes that a certain work is in G, and was played by etc.; not seeing, poor man, that it is absurd to connect by a conjunction two entirely different matters. I have talked so long about this that I have merely room to say that Richter's way of playing the symphony seemed to me quite admirable. He tamed it, and kept it in order, not allowing the patches of glowing Oriental colour to flame out too resplendently for Western eyes, holding in the tempo where it breaks out into passionate hurry; so that although to any hapless Russian who might be present the performance would seem singularly tame, to me, and I believe to Westerns generally, it was a magnificent interpretation, or, if you like, translation of the composer's intention. Miss Macintyre sang both the *Tannhäuser* songs with dramatic feeling and force. As for Dr. Stanford's concerto, the less said about it the better. Mr. Borwick played it rather well, but the good playing only

served to show how very weak the thing really is. I am always delighted to hail any fine music from Stanford's pen, and my readers may remember that I gave a symphony of his the highest praise I knew how a little time since; so I trust my fairness may not be impeached when I say that this is absolutely the worst concerto I have listened to for many years. There is nothing in it, as Hamerton said of Whistler's "Lobster Pots"; nothing but scales, and arpeggios, and abortive attempts to bring forth melodies. I implore Professor Stanford to burn it at once, and try to write something as good as that *Il Pensieroso* symphony. The secret of his failure in this instance may simply be that he has no more genius for the piano than Berlioz had for the voice. I was unable to stay for the *Leonora* overture, and therefore venture on no account of the performance.

The principal feature of the third concert was the enormously large audience, and next to that the cause of that audience. The cause was Rosenthal, a pianist with the frame of an ox, who has just come here with a stupendous reputation from Germany. He certainly played the Liszt E flat concerto with astonishing power and at an astonishing pace, but whether he hit the right notes or not is more than I care to say. My impression is that he did, but other judges, whose opinions I occasionally respect, tell me he did not; so on the whole I will wait until Rosenthal's recital on Monday next (which is to say, June 24) before making up my mind as to whether he is a gymnast or an artist, and if a gymnast, whether a first-rate or a second-rate one. The summer Richter season came to an end on June 17 with a Wagner concert—the usual programme. There is absolutely nothing new to be said; and I will merely add that the playing throughout was worthy of our great Richter at his best.

THE NIKISCH CONCERTS.

Mr. Arthur Nikisch has a European reputation, like a good many musicians who come here, but unlike a good many he deserves it. I have only space for a very brief account of his first concert; but it must be understood that only want of space, and not want of enthusiasm, is the reason I do not discuss him at greater length. His concerts, let me first say, take place on Saturday afternoons, June 15, 22, 29, and July 6, so that they come into no collision with the little speculations of Mr. Schulz-Curtius or Mr. Vert. Moreover, when Nikisch found that Richter was playing Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, he immediately withdrew, substituting No. 5 in E minor of the same composer; being apparently under the impression that Tschaikowsky is a "draw" in England as he is on the Continent, and that some people might stay away from Richter's evening concert if they knew they might shortly hear the popular work at an afternoon concert. It was a mistake, of course, for in England no one cares much about the composer, unless he is a Wagner; but the mistake did infinite credit to Nikisch's good feeling and tact. Well, to get to the concert, Nikisch gave a fine version of the *Tannhäuser* overture, the only thing it suffered from being an over-desire to do something new, whether it was or was not beautiful. The Fifth Symphony got an ideal rendering, the doubling of the horns being a great improvement, and quite justifiable when we remember that the strings have been doubled or more than doubled since Beethoven's time. The Peer Gynt suite of Grieg went immensely, and in the vocal numbers Nikisch showed himself reticent and sufficiently tactful. I won't discuss this concert any longer at present, but leave it and the remain-

ing concerts of the series over until next month, when I shall have space to discuss Nikisch and his ways of doing things in relation to Mottl, Richter and Levi, and their ways of doing things.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This Society, as usual, continues to go on its way, making itself more ridiculous at each successive attempt. On May 30, it permitted Dr. Parry to direct, or misdirect, a performance of his old symphony in F, which he has partly rewritten; and it also engaged Mrs. Henschel, of all people in the world, to sing a Handel song, and "Pan Franz Ondricek" to play Dvorak's violin concerto. I did not hear the opening number of the concert, Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture; but with Sir A. C. Mackenzie conducting, I have no doubt it went very well. For Mackenzie, we must remember, is an excellent conductor of some kinds of music; though as soon as he comes to the big things, such as the *Walkürenritt*, or the more emotional symphonies of Beethoven, he shows that he is not an all-round man, like W. G. Grace at cricket. Mr. "Pan Franz Ondricek" (what does it all mean, I wonder!) gave a fairly good account of himself in the Dvorak concerto; but the worst of it is, that the music is so sublimely inconsequent and explosive, and has so little melodic interest, that one wearis of it, no matter how fine the player who plays it. Mrs. Henschel sang Handel's "Lushinge piu care." There is an utter lack of freedom in Mrs. Henschel's voice which always makes her ridiculous when she sings florid music; and when she sings slower, more passionate songs, the poor vocal quality and the absence of the slightest feeling make her, if possible, more intolerable. In short, there are very few things in which I can hear her with the smallest degree of pleasure. I have forgotten to mention that Mr. Leonard Borwick played Beethoven's wonderful G concerto appropriately; that is, with evident pleasure in its beauty, feeling, and mystery, and with sufficient technical skill to communicate that pleasure to his listeners. After that came Parry's symphony. Now I have long intended to say my mind about Parry and his worshippers, and now I shall say it. The truth is, no one, or scarcely any one, likes Parry's music. But Parry is an influential man, and, what is even more to the purpose, he is a charming man; or perhaps I might put it this way, that he has double power, because he is at once an influential and a charming man. Sundry Philharmonic directors are on the staff of the Royal College, and there are advantages to be gained by pleasing Parry. At the same time, so delightful a man is he that the directors cannot do anything to oblige him with any secret feeling of grudge. Therefore his symphonies are put on at Philharmonic concerts. Now some critics are in the same plight as the Philharmonic directors. They can gain advantages by praising Parry, and they praise him cheerfully because he is so charming a man. Therefore it is that round Parry a regular conspiracy exists to foist his music on the public, and to persuade the public that it is good music. Parry himself is as much the victim of the conspiracy as the public, and he will some day, I am afraid, suffer a cruel awakening, and find that his popularity is entirely fictitious, that he has been dwelling contentedly in a fool's paradise. But for the present there the thing is: no one likes his music, and nearly every one praises it. Why, I know critics who have pooh-poohed *Sau!*, and then gone home and written about the greatest oratorio yet composed by an Englishman; and when I have bantered them about it,

they have simply said, "Well, you know, Parry is such a charming fellow," etc., etc., and there is no reply to be made; for really it is not gentlemanly to begin, like the *Musical Standard*, to tell people how they should behave. Well, to get back to that symphony. I listened as carefully as I know how (and I make bold to say that I am the closest listener I know), and not for the life of me could I tell the difference between one part of it and another. It is a steady depressing drizzle of counterpoint from the beginning of the introduction to the first movement to the last bar of the Scherzo, and what it becomes after that I don't know, for I went swiftly from the hall, cursing Dr. Parry and all his works (musical).

I arrived too late to hear Mr. Chadwick's *Melpomene* overture at the concert of June 13, but caught Lady Halle red-handed, caught her in the very act of playing Beethoven's violin concerto. Her rendering was a graceful one, not without force in the stronger moments, and always sufficiently musically. Then Miss Camilla Landi sang Gounod's "O ma lyre," and may have sung it very well for all I know; but one or two of the Philharmonic directors, the fussiest, most ridiculous persons I have ever seen, assembled behind the curtain to the left of the platform, and began to discuss their private concerns so enthusiastically and noisily that I heard little of the song. If ever they do anything of the sort again, I shall take my revenge by reporting the conversation. I have no desire to know anything about Mr. Cummings's or Mr. Berger's domestic affairs; but if I must have them inflicted upon me, I shall certainly not keep them to myself. Miss Chaminade's "Concertstück" was less interesting than other lengths of music manufactured and sent by this lady from her Paris factory. It opens like the *Flying Dutchman* overture, but presently tails off into the most dilute Chaminade. The usual resource of composers who have no inspiration nor invention, the perennial arpeggio, that useful beast of burden, is largely worked, or rather overworked; and, as in Professor Stanford's concerto, there are plentiful scales. Even the degree of fancy which we expect from the dainty little Chaminade is painfully absent; the orchestration is French, in the worst sense; and, in brief, I have not a word to say for the thing, and assert that it should never have been produced, and that Sir A. C. should have blushed to stand there and conduct it. The Jupiter Symphony received a better rendering than any it has endured these many years, for it is distinctly the kind of music the Philharmonic conductor can manage. The last movement of course suffered from the belief, which Sir A. C. apparently shares with other Academics, that it is pure counterpoint; for they forget, do these good people, that Mozart was a poet first and a contrapuntist second, and that if he wrote counterpoint it was only because counterpoint permitted him to express the mood that was on him, and in playing the counterpoint with due care they forget to look after the expression of the mood. Still I don't wish to carp, and I say it is long since I heard so fine a rendering, on the whole, of this symphony.

SARASATE.

After missing a year, Sarasate is back again, the same as ever, except that the hair is a little greyer, the energy a little more refined, the indifference to Beethoven and the great masters generally a little less marked. Surely Sarasate is the quaintest artistic personality now exhibiting to the public. He attends Richter concerts, and apparently follows the music of Beethoven and Wagner with the fullest enjoyment; but no

sooner does he commence upon (say) the Kreutzer than you see he is bored to death. And certainly his unsympathetic, irreverent version of it may well bore the listener to death, if indeed horror at the desecration does not actually kill him. For he plays the first movement like a De Beriot study, and gets over the divine theme and variations at a light trot, and makes the finale into what Wagner called a "naïve allegro." The meaning of the thing seems quite hidden from him, yet I have a suspicion that if he heard it well played he would appreciate it. It may all simply mean that when he plays in public he is impatient of anything that prevents him showing his tone to the greatest advantage; for when all is said, the fact remains that Sarasate's principal quality is his superb tone, the loveliest tone that ever came from the violin, one is inclined to say. Whether he plays fast or slow, it is always the same: he cannot be placed amongst those fiddlers who give you a fine rich shining quality on long holding notes, and scratch like a cat wanting to be in at the back door as soon as they come to an allegro. Of all the violinists playing in public, Sarasate is the only one who gets his temperament into his tone; and a peculiar temperament it is. So far as one can judge from his playing, its two poles (so to speak) would be on the one hand an indifference to or even repulsion from human emotion, and on the other hand a powerful attraction towards whatever is sensuously lovely; but then how is it he listens with a degree of attention to Beethoven or Wagner on the orchestra? Perhaps it is mainly the sensuous beauty of the tone combinations that please him there; but one cannot tell. Sarasate is more or less of a mystery, and one must accept him as he is, for he can no more be altered than the colour of the lily or the rich scent of the rose. As for his concerts, I need only say that he played Bach (very beautifully, by the way, which is unusual), Schubert, Mendelssohn, Bernard, and Sarasate, and played them so as to arouse the wildest enthusiasm amongst his admirers. And to say this is not to sneer, for amongst Sarasate's admirers may be found every critic of the smallest taste and appreciation of beauty.

THE OPERA SEASON.

Concerning the opera season there is really very little to be said. Sir Augustus Harris does his share admirably, and if we cannot hear the big Wagner operas, that is not his fault—for after all he cannot be expected to run opera at a loss for our amusement any more than a butcher will give away meat for nothing—but the fault of the people who talk a great deal of their devotion to "the cause," and then don't turn up and pay up when the Wagner operas are put on. It so happens that owing to the splendid acting of Tamagno and the sometimes rather fine acting of de Lucia, some of Verdi's early operas—*Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*, for instance—have "caught on," and some of the more hasty critics have concluded without quite sufficient reflection that the Wagner craze is over, and that we shall speedily return to the good old times when Verdi, Bellini, and Donizetti reigned supreme, and it was regarded as the proper thing for singers to accept encores whenever an opportunity offered. But the truth seems to be that we are tired only of Wagner because Wagner is not done properly. Sir Augustus cannot spend the money on mounting the music-dramas that he can on mounting the Italian operas, simply because with Wagner the house is empty at the third night, whereas Verdi's *Otello* will run for several nights, and be crowded every time; and this lack of favour to Wagner may, in turn, be due to the fact that

the only people who can act Wagner properly cannot sing him tolerably. These German singers are indeed awful, and instead of wondering why the public does not rush to Covent Garden on the third night, one might fairly wonder why it does not rush away before the third act on the first night. However, for one reason or another we are hearing plenty of Verdi just now, and hearing him under circumstances that may fairly be called ideal. Tamagno is indeed magnificent, de Lucia is often fine, while Macintyre at the third performance of *Otello* made an admirable Desdemona. But in that particular opera the main attraction was Maurel, who is certainly the greatest actor-singer of this generation. His part is, of course, Iago, and to realize how tremendously powerful he makes it one has to first see another actor in the part. He crams it full of points, and the points, so to speak, run into one another, so that the whole thing is a complete thing, without any apparent break. I must, of course, say a word about Patti, even if it is not a good word. Patti has been on the stage for nearly forty years, I believe, and she still trips about as though she thought she looked as young as she did forty years ago, and the effect is rather comical. But the house applauds her, and her friends bring her flowers, and she is illuded and seems happy. I suppose Sir Augustus sees reason for putting her on; but for my own part I must say that the Patti nights are to me wasted nights. For the rest, respectable performances of *Faust* (in which Melba always sings with wonderful fineness) and "the usual operas" serve to draw big audiences night after night, so that it may be hoped that Sir Augustus will have a balance on the right side at the end of this season, and be disposed to apply it to putting on Wagner in first-rate style at the beginning of next season. For Wagner put on in first-rate style, with first-rate singer-actors, a first-rate conductor, and first-rate orchestra, would certainly prove a "draw" without any help from the devotees of "the cause."

Chopin.

(ADAPTED FROM THE POLISH BY
MARY DE S.)

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We do not propose, nor is it necessary, to write a biography of the genial musician, immortal, unique of his kind. Our literature possesses an interesting and an exhaustive study by M. Karassowski, published not yet six years ago in two full volumes, which are enriched by many citations from the composer's letters, and by a concise analysis of his works.

Besides other works about Chopin, there exist in the Polish language many articles and studies, written by M. A. Szulc, Joseph Sikorski (whose letter we add as a postscript to this article), Kleczynski, Gawalewicz, and others. Franz Liszt paid tribute to the memory of his friend by a book, which, though full of exaggerated language and mistakes, is inspired by great and sincere love for the Polish musician and his country.

In the works of Georges Sand there are also sufficiently characteristic details of the biography of the poet-musician. In the hero and the heroine of her novel, "Lucrezia Floriani," the authoress sketched portraits of herself and of Chopin. Madame Sand, at this time a tired and discontented woman, had got weary of Chopin, and the travesty of his character in the novel deeply wounded the sensitive artist. The eminent authoress found in "Lucrezia Floriani"

a devilishly womanish way of getting rid of Chopin, and to break the association which had now begun to over-burden her. She represented herself as a victim of sacrifice and motherly care, for a genius, whom she described as a nervous, excitable, consumptive nuisance, no longer to be borne with. To be sure, she did not point directly to Chopin in her hero, but the likeness was too faithful not to be readily recognised. Nor was this all: she even went the length of asking Chopin to correct the proofs of the novel! The eminent musician forgot his dignity, bit his lips, and made the corrections. For a time he did not break the connection. That happened only two years before his death, and then it was brought about by a third person, to whom Madame Sand behaved ungenerously and despotically.

Reverting now to the anniversary of the composer's birthday, we find enough to remind us of dates and details referring to that event. The very name "Chopin" proves the French descent of the family, whose native country was Lothringen. Frederic's father, Nicholas Chopin, was born on April 17, 1770, at Nancy. He came to Warsaw, a youth of seventeen. Karassowski describes him as follows:—

"When Nicholas Chopin came into the world, the memory of the King-Philosopher (father-in-law of Louis XV., Stanislaus Leszczynski) still lived in the memory of all the inhabitants. Chopin, like many educated Lothringians, knew partially the last history of Poland. He dreamt of seeing it, and of knowing nearer the nation, which, though unconcerned at her own good, yet willingly looked after the good and the safety of others. An occasion soon happened.

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"Nicholas Chopin soon learned the Polish language, and settled permanently in Warsaw. During a stay of a few years, he gave heart and soul to the society among whom it was his lot to dwell. Here he was a witness of great historical events—the revealing of the constitution of May 3, the creation of the confederation of Targowica, tragical turns, interior outbreaks, warlike struggles. Twice he intended to leave the country, where he was forced to look only on misfortunes, and twice he fell ill. He saw in this latter circumstance a mark of the fate that he was to remain. In the year 1798 he entered the National Guard, and took an active part in the defence of the country.

"After the peace returned, he took off the uniform of the volunteer, and earned his living by giving French lessons. It happened at that time that the 'staroscina' Laczynska wanted a preceptor for her children. By chance she made the acquaintance of Nicholas, and, impressed by his education and good breeding, offered him the post, which he accepted without hesitation. Then his pedagogic profession began, and henceforward he was closely united with the Polish society and the country. In the house of the 'staroscina' (starosta, old Polish dignity) he taught two of her sons and two daughters. The younger daughter, Mary, then fourteen, was of a rare beauty. She married later on Count Walewski, became a kind of heroine of Napoleon I., and the mother of Count Colonna Walewski, the renowned minister of state during the Second Empire in France.

"In the beginning of this century Nicholas Chopin accepted the situation of a preceptor in the family of Countess Skarbek at Zelazowa Wola, six miles from Warsaw. Here he fell in love with Justine Krzyzanowska, and in 1806 he married her. As the result of this marriage were born three daughters and one son. Emily, an uncommonly gifted girl, died in her seventeenth year; Isabelle, who married Antoine Barcinski, inspector of the schools, and later on director of the steam-shipping on the Vistula, died June 3, 1881; and Louise, the eldest daughter, married Professor Jedrzejewicz, and died October 29, 1855.

"In February, 1809, was born the only son of the union. He was carried to baptism by the young pupil of Nicholas, Frederic Count Skarbek, aged seventeen, and it was thus from the godfather that the name of Frederic came.

"After the settling of the whole family of Skarbek in Warsaw, the family of Chopin arrived there too, and settled on their own account. Following an introduction by Lindé, who was then the rector of the Lyceum of Warsaw, Frederic's father was nominated professor of the French language at that institution, and he remained there until it was closed, twenty-one years afterwards. He taught the same subject in the school of artillery and engineers, in the school of applicants, in the academy for Roman Catholic clergy. He was a member of the committee for examination of the candidates for the profession of teaching, and at last he received a pension, and left the public service.

"During many years he had in his home a kind of boarding-school, where the more distinguished Polish families placed their sons under his care for education.

"He died March 3, 1844, having then passed seventy-four years of an honest and useful life. His wife, Justine, after heavy trials and bereavements which the fates did not spare her, passed away on October 19, 1866."

Thus far the birth and genealogy of Chopin. The more distinct details of his life—how he sacrificed himself to music at seven years of age; how he studied with Zywny and Elsner; his sudden reputation in Warsaw; the excursion to Berlin and Vienna; the leaving for Paris in 1830; the position which he held in that capital; the history of his genius; and, lastly, his death at three o'clock on the morning of October 17, 1849, in the arms of his beloved pupil Guttmann—all these things must be well known and remembered.

In concluding, let us look at the characteristic of the man, and for this we shall again draw from Karassowski. "As a man," says the biographer of Chopin, "he was a perfect son, devoted brother, true friend. His appearance was in all its details so harmonious, that it seems not to want the least description. His dark (grey) eyes were rather full of fun than dreamy (it is not known why it seemed to Liszt that Chopin's eyes were blue); a sweet-tempered cheerfulness, was never bitter or ironical. The transparent delicacy of his complexion was enchanting. He had fair hair (*cendré*), soft as silk, abundant and shining; a Roman nose, slightly bent; distinguished movements; his behaviour so exquisite that one took him for an uncommon personage.

"The sound of his voice was agreeable, but for the most part as if it were subdued. His height was not above the average; small and delicate of construction. In general, Chopin was like his mother.

"His mind was cheerful, 'but the heart sad,' said one of his friends. As in his social intercourse, so in his conversation: he wished and he could capture by his cheerfulness. But in his feelings he possessed that tenderness and

softness which draw and take hold of the heart. In his daily intercourse with others he was so polite and agreeable, so well bred, that even excited nerves, even physical sufferings, even antipathies, which he, like all nervous people, felt often and suddenly—these did not surpass the distinguished politeness of his manners.

"In his feelings he was strangely reserved, fearing that he might vulgarise them by outward show; shy, yet he liked to give himself to society; he could not live without intercourse with his kind. In Paris he visited daily a few houses, or he chose one. He had open to him some twenty or thirty salons, which he knew how to amuse and how to enchant by his personality. To take Chopin out of this sphere of admiration and caresses, to doom him to a life of monotony and toilsomeness—Chopin, the idol of princesses and courtesans—would have been to deprive him of means absolutely necessary to his existence. He possessed as much pride as was needed that people might appreciate his personality. He knew his artistic worth, but he did not overrate it, and he was ready to acknowledge the gifts of others.

"As to the character of his genius, the verdict was unanimous. Schumann expressed it in short but expressive phrase: 'Chopin is and will remain the boldest and the proudest poetical spirit of our times.'

The following is the letter of Sikorski, addressed Miss Janotha, referred to in the article. It is dated May 16, 1890:—

Chopin's father was professor of French language at the Lyceum of Warsaw, under the rectorship of Lindé. He was my professor. I knew the composer as a pupil of the sixth class, and, at the same time, pupil of Elsner at the Warsaw Conservatoire, closed in 1830.

The scholars of this institution were obliged to attend every Sunday and every holiday at the church of the Visitandines, to execute music during the Mass for the students of the University. Every great feast a Mass of Schiedmayer, Haydn, Mozart, etc., was sung with an orchestra. I was then a soprano, and in this quality I sang the treble solos, for which I had standing salary from the Commission of Public Instruction.

Chopin came almost every time for these devotions into the choir, and often during the Mass with orchestra he played on the organ, reading from music indicated only by a figured bass. He also played preludes between the parts of the Mass.

He used a theme from a motif performed during the Mass, and accordingly and always gloriously he did treat it, using the pedal with virtuosity.

It happened once that when his rich fantasy attired a special attention of the class for professors of the Conservatoire, and the elder pupils of composition, they surrounded Chopin in a circle, and he, in enthusiasm, played and spun new figured themes in a masterly way. All forgot the High Mass, and that the mass was pursuing the order of ceremonials, and that the priest must begin the chant; when suddenly enters the exhausted sacristan, and exclaims, "What tricks are you playing here, gentlemen?" The priest begins already for the third time, "Dominus vobiscum," and here they play and they play!!! The Abbess (this church belongs to the convent) is fearfully angry." Naturally Chopin stopped to improvise.

After such a High Mass, usually the colleagues of Chopin from the Conservatoire of music went to his house. He lived then with his parents in the palace of Krasinski, and I went with them several times. But he played only four hands, the most often and the most willingly with Sandmann (born in Bohemia), professor of piano.

I scarcely heard Chopin play a solo, excepting a few trifles about which I scarcely could then judge myself. I remember the appearance of Chopin—thin . . . pale . . . he walked stooping.

Three Lyrics.

I. A NOCTURNE.

MURMUR, Soft Winds,
Over the slumberous sea, whose velvet waves
Wash with low, lapping sound in rocky caves
Where dreaming mermaids rest,
Rocked on the ocean's breast,
By white foam-fingers caressed.
Murmur, Soft Winds!

Shine, Silver Moon,
Gleam through the branches on the ice-bound brook,
Which hides itself in many a forest nook
Where first Spring violets grow,
Blood-purple on the snow,
That the heart of winter may know
That Summer's heart beats below.
Shine, Silver Moon.

Love, Youthful Heart!
Now, while thy halcyon days are long and bright,
While no dark cloud bedims the glowing light,
The eager years rush on,
Life's Springtime soon is gone.
Love, Youthful Heart!

II. A SCHERZO.

One little word from thee, my dearest,
Is more to me than shining gold;
One little smile from thee, my fairest,
Is worth far more than gems untold.

One soft caress from thee, my loved one,
Outweighs all treasures earth could buy;
When thy sweet lips to mine are pressing
The joys of heaven I deny.

For when I clasp thee to my beating heart
I have all wealth man can desire,
Thy hair the gold, thine eyes the jewels,
Thy glowing lips the heavenly fire.

III. A REVERIE.

Look up, sad soul!
Into the days that are to be!
Across life's moaning sea
Where storm waves roll,
A distant glory glows
Tinging the angry surge
With hues of rose
And promising for thee
That which thou long'st for most—Repose.

Rise up, sad soul!
Launch forth thy timid barque,
Though shadows may be dark

And waves still roll.
Steer for that rosy light
Which cleaves the night.

Sail up that pathway bright
Until at last,

Life's voyage past,
Thy barque sails safe in amber seas

Fanned by a summer breeze.
And thou, sad soul, art lulled to sleep,

Rocked on eternal tides
Which ebb and flow

Resistless, slow.

Awake, Oh dreaming soul! Awake!
The land is near,

And o'er the opalescent wave

Thou soon shalt hear

Sweet music sounding in sublimest strains.

Look toward yon glowing west

Where island-jewels rest

Upon the ocean's breast—

Look! soul, canst thou not trace

Upon the strand some dear familiar face?

Oh! rapturous soul, thy barque

Now touches land.

Look up! On every hand

A hundred arms stretch forth in glad embrace!

Oh, soul, though thou art free,

Look back across the sea

Into the days that are to be

Where none can ever fill thy vacant place.

FRANK E. SAWYER.

Miss Annie Muirhead.

—o:—

A CONTEMPORARY critic has remarked that "obviousness is the one unpardonable sin in music"; whence the average reader gathers that obscurity is to be pursued and admired. On the other hand, speaking of that vexed question, the analytical programme, the same critic deplores the intrusion of the "senselessly obvious" into the annotator's remarks. The ignorant but aspiring student is between two stools. He is to respect the obscure, but must dispense with his prop and cue, the detailed programme. In spite of Continental reproaches, no one can accuse us of lack of plodding efforts to understand classical music. To quote Mr. Joseph Bennett: "There is something really pathetic in the eagerness of concert-room audiences for a story or programme by means of which they can get up interest in the works performed." The self-constituted but untutored critic glides over thin ice, for there is many a Chrysos in music as in the plastic arts. Further, as Mr. Bennett says, the tastes of initiated and uninitiated lie at opposite poles. We are quashed on this side by self-satisfied pedantry, wrecked on that by dogged Philistinism. Certainly only a superficial knowledge is to be gained from the analytical programme. It were far better to have fewer performances, and those for intelligent listeners, than fill our concert halls with half-hearted dilettanti.

Just in the thick of the programme discussion my interest was aroused in a valuable series of concerts for young people, given by Miss Muirhead, who has conceived a very definite plan for simplifying the musical education of children, and for placing the executive department of art in relation to its history and aesthetic, thus bridging over the gap (unfilled by annotated programmes) which youthful amateurs experience when planted down by zealous parents to the contemplation of severely classical or bewilderingly cacophonous modern music, when most of the instruments employed are to them as sealed books.

Full of sympathy for such a scheme, I sought its originator, and found Miss Muirhead in her home in Kentish Town, ready to receive me and my pertinent inquiries most kindly.

"How came you to devise your plan for teaching young pupils to become intelligent listeners?"

"It really arose out of some lectures on musical form to my own pupils," was the answer. "These I allowed the children to illustrate themselves on the piano. I used to have a sort of ensemble class, and an occasional toy symphony; hence the idea of illustrated lectures on separate instruments, and on the voice range and quality. You see, so many people think that a musical education consists in learning to play upon an instrument for which a large percentage of the population has absolutely no aptitude whatever."

"A bad look-out for the orchestras of the future!"

"I am very anxious to do away with this idea," continued Miss Muirhead. "I wish my pupils to have a wide grasp of music. We are, at heart, a musical nation. We have our national music, only it seems to have been partially choked among us. I was much struck by the enormous enthusiasm shown by a poor audience at a city concert over a really heavy Beethoven

programme. It was wonderful how the music appealed to the people. How far deeper would have been their enthusiasm had it been reinforced by wider knowledge of the subject!"

"Do you approve of children playing by heart?"

"Most emphatically. I always prefer it as long as they play with their minds as well as their fingers. Playing by heart conduces greatly towards intelligibility of interpretation."

"And the analytical programme?"

"I do not think it has outlived its practical use. Certainly, the quasi-humorous remarks could be dispensed with, but any historical notes are always valuable. I should like to give my concerts oftener, but my other work makes that difficult at present. The series closed, as you know, a short time since. At each of them, as you saw for yourself, a short, simply worded lecture drew attention to the form and ideas of the music, which is always by classical composers, or, as regards the vocal element, good old English folk ditties, or simple songs by classical writers. I have selected Kensington and Hampstead as my centres for good reasons. Of course there is an admirable supply of concerts in the Piccadilly centre; but children, busy with schoolwork, in Kensington or Hampstead have not time to go so far to hear music, or they are not allowed to go alone, or the hour is too late. Thus London children grow up without the advantages of children in smaller towns, where, though the music is inferior in quantity and quality of performance, it is at least accessible to all. It would be interesting to know the number of children in London who have never heard an orchestra. I purposely give my concerts on Saturday afternoons that my hearers may be free to come, and I am careful to limit the time to an hour and a half."

"You are some way from your work."

"Yes. It is curious how I drifted to this suburb. The fact is, we settled here, a family party, with a peculiar project, the carrying on of social and industrial work among the people of the district."

"A sort of miniature Toynbee?"

"Something of the sort. It was a regular little colony, and we all shared one house, so as to co-operate the better."

For Miss Muirhead has many irons in the fire, and while busy with her own profession as teacher and lecturer in music gives her experience of the art for the benefit, the instruction and entertainment of her poorer neighbours. Sunday afternoon concerts for the people of Kentish Town are only part of her enterprise. The lives of many a factory youth and maiden are brightened by the activity of the little industrial colony, and last summer witnessed a really excellent *al fresco* performance of "As you Like it," all the parts being filled by the working people in whom Miss Muirhead and her friends are interested.

So the time sped. Before I conclude I must absolutely decline to give anything like the usual inventory of furniture commonly supposed to be an integral part of one's impressions of a new acquaintance, for Miss Muirhead literally declined to be "interviewed." Indeed, if I did, there would be a great deal too much of the

said background, for my hostess was already far too modest on the subject of her novel departure. She cannot fail to succeed, for her standard, artistic and intellectual, is high, and she handles her all-engrossing and difficult subject under difficult conditions with singular grace and insight.

I cannot do better than quote her own words as I revert in sermon fashion to the text of our dissertation:—"If we aimed less at training performers and more at training listeners, the

standard of musical excellence and enjoyment in England would be considerably brightened."

A piano-organ is beneath my window, and I drop my pen with a gasp to the "Rowdy Dowdy Boys," this being a case in which one wishes one's powers of intelligent listening were under lock and key!

A. M. RAWSON.

Artistes as Musicians.

THE two Arts—the talent for both is so often found combined in one person that I have thought it of interest to mention a few "painters" who practise both arts. It is perhaps most rare to find a composer amongst painters. The one whom I know to be the most highly gifted in the present age is undoubtedly Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A. His musical ideas, though strongly influenced in former years by Wagner's music, have still a most marked originality of their own, and I have more than once been surprised at the clever inspirations he has. That his chords and modulations are all of his own originality I know, because he has neither studied counterpoint nor even harmony, and yet he has composed and written down his "operas," and now some violin pieces, which, as they were first shown to me in manuscript, I know how exceedingly clever he must be to have been able to think of them, much less write them down. He is neither a violinist nor pianist, and if any instrument, it was in years gone by the little zither for which he had a *penchant*, and which he really plays beautifully.

The next artist on the list is Professor Gussow. This gentleman lived, until a few years ago, at Berlin, but since then at Munich, where he is much appreciated as one of the best German artists. He plays the violin very well indeed, and during my stay at Berlin I spent regularly two hours every week in practising the Sonatas of Brahms, Bach, Schumann and Beethoven with him. Not bad for an artist! Strangely enough, Professor Gussow had painted and exhibited a "Lady in White" at Berlin, the same time as Professor Herkomer's "Lady in White" (Miss Catherine Grant) was being exhibited there. They hung quite close to each other—much, very much, to the disadvantage of Professor Gussow's portrait, which was that of a very fashionably dressed Berlin lady, who, however, could not vie with Miss Grant's simple gracefulness and sweetness. More genuinely musical by nature than Professor Gussow is Professor Meyerheim, also a German artist—one who is famous as an animal painter. He plays the violoncello, and is most enthusiastic over it. Many a Sonata have I played with him also at Berlin; and he has played all the well-known Trios,—of that I am certain, for the "Meyerheims" in Berlin are to musicians what the "Moscheles's" are in London.

Of Professor Angel's singing, perhaps few Londoners have heard. It is now some years ago that I accompanied him—at Frankfurt O/M. Professor Angel lives in Vienna, and I need not mention that he is well known and appreciated by the whole royal family as one of the first portrait painters. Mr. Herman Herkomer, a cousin of Professor Hubert Herkomer, must not be forgotten, for he has a lovely voice, which he has had well trained, and many Londoners have, no doubt, enjoyed his singing. These are

about the foremost of musician-painters, I fancy, though of course there are many artists, such as our own Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. W. Richmond, Mr. Felix Moscheles, and others, who understand and appreciate all good music.

To turn "the other way round"—there are not a few musicians who really are exceedingly gifted in this direction.

I have seen and handled many a drawing by Mendelssohn—now of course much treasured by the lucky possessors.

Carl Reinecke, the veteran composer at Leipzig, draws also very much in the same exceedingly refined style. Eugen Gura, the splendid German baritone, has a most exceptional gift for drawing. I have seen such clever things of his. Of ladies I have seen Frau Rose Sucher's paintings in oils. Frau Sucher is one of the most dramatic German singers on the stage. Her paintings are quite marvellously powerful in conception, and one wonders how she can have found the necessary time for painting the many pictures she has already.

I dabble a little in the art myself, so am therefore a keen and appreciative observer of others' talents.

MARIE WURM.

Violin Music.

— :o: —

Classical Violin Music, edited by Gustav Jensen; *Sonatinas*, edited by Emile Thomas; *Studies in Style* (for violin), edited by Gustav Jensen; *Sonatas*, 1 and 2, by Max Reger; *Suite*, No. 3 in A minor (Op. 25); *Three characteristic pieces* (Op. 31), and *Three pieces* (Op. 28), all by Gustav Jensen; *Ten little pieces* (Op. 218), C. Reinecke. Augener & Co., 86, Newgate Street, E.C. *Favourite Melodies*, arranged by Frederic Weekes; *Violin Solos* for concert use, by M. Paskevitch; *Entr'acte* and *March*, both in G, by W. H. Henley; *Reverie*, by Abelinde S. E. Rae; *Erinnerung*, by F. Donaldson Heins. Weekes & Co., 14, Hanover Street, W. *Pas Seul*, by Otto Schweizer. Willcocks & Co., 42, Berners Street, W. *Six easy pieces*, by Hubert Herkomer, R.A. Novello, Ewer & Co., Berners Street, W.

That violinists are well cared for is undeniable. I select the above from an enormous pile of recent publications for the violin, with the intention of guiding readers as I best can as to what they should choose, and what they should avoid. The very excellent selection of pieces by the old masters, entitled *Classical Violin Music*, has been running for some years, and so indeed have the second and third series mentioned above. Their merits and usefulness are perfectly well known, and it is only needful to say that the high standard of former days is more than fully sustained. Any of the pieces in any of the three series will be found useful, and any grade of difficulty may be selected. Max Reger, a talented young pupil of Dr. Reimann, has already issued a good many works; the first of these sonatas, I believe, was written some time ago, and the second is not new. Both are highly interesting, and neither will find any degree of favour with violinists. They seem wholly unemotional, and bear the unmistakable stamp—"Made in Dr. Reimann's workshop." Dr. Reimann is an extraordinarily clever theorist, but I scarcely fancy him as the best master for an impressionable youth. Anyhow, young Max Reger must put aside his cleverness, his elaborately thought out devices, and trust to his aesthetic feelings

instead of Dr. Reimann's rules, if he wishes to make music that will live. Gustav Jensen's pieces demand no lengthy criticism; they are fresh, attractive, and effective, and in the cases where they are bowed and fingered will be gladly utilised by all students and many concert players. Reinecke's delicate little pieces are exactly what young players want.

I can also commend many of Messrs. Weekes' *Favourite Melodies* to students. They are arrangements of various popular airs, and dance-pieces of the great composers; the arrangements are adequately done, and the indications of tune and expression sufficient. M. Paskevitch's *Solos* are not particularly suited "for concert use," but I should entertain no very vehement objection to hearing the Caprice in G minor once, but once only, in a drawing-room. M. Paskevitch's titles are unlucky; his caprice is not capricious, nor his fantastic sketch fantastic. W. H. Henley's things are as vulgar as they are silly, which is saying a good deal. A. S. E. Rae's *Reverie* has something in it, though the notation is occasionally odd; and *Erinnerung* may be recommended to those who have nothing better to play. *Pas Seul* is a not ineffective drawing-room bit of music.

Mr. Herkomer's pieces fill me with a rapturous admiration, not for them, but for him and his business talent. Alas! had I that, though I cannot paint any better than Mr. Herkomer can compose, I should have appended the magic letters R.A. to my name long before now. When Mr. Herkomer calls his pieces easy, I presume he means they were easily written. I can well believe it; I know many a young composer without extraordinary ability who would be glad to compose six pieces like them every week until further notice, at a reasonable rate of pay. That they can be easily played is true also; but easily listened to?—no! that is more than I can believe. I don't think the human organization will tolerate more than three in succession without breaking down.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Romance, Oscar Beringer; *Rondino Grazioso*, *Second Scherzo*, and *Bourrée*, Walter Macfarren. Edwin Ashdown, Hanover Square, W. *Four Miniatures*, Erik Meyer Helmund. Forsyth Bros., 267, Regent Street, W. *Tokio March*, E. Silas; *Menuet*, *Valse Impromptu* and *Polka*, etc. *Concert*, Emile Sauer; *Am Spring Brunnen*, Anton Strelzki; *Festival of the Roses*, E. L. Newman. Weekes & Co., 14, Hanover Street, W. *Mazurka*, Arthur Hervey. Willcocks & Co., 42, Berners Street, W.

Mr. Oscar Beringer has written a good deal of very charming piano music for drawing-room use, and this *Romance* of his is as pretty as any. I can heartily recommend it, and other compositions by the same writer which have reached me, to the notice of teachers in want of pieces to serve as a relief to the monotonous dryness of studies. Of Mr. Macfarren's pieces I cannot speak half so favourably. They, I suppose, are intended for teaching purposes, and probably will be extensively used by Mr. Macfarren's own pupils; but not for the life of me can I see the good of teaching young people who play such things as this *Scherzo*, with its elephantine skittishness, or the common-place *Bourrée Nouvelle* (why the French title?), or the watery and pointless *Rondino*. It's a pity that people like Mr. Macfarren, who can undoubtedly (in the common phrase) teach the piano, will insist upon writing for it an exercise for which they, as a rule, have no gift. Mr. Meyer Helmund's *Miniatures* are clever, agreeable, and, of course, not particularly original. I take it that the *Tokio March*, founded

on a Japanese melody by Mr. E. Silas, is a practical joke, and as such it is a trifle lengthy. Mr. Silas should remember that brevity is the soul of wit. As a piece of music the march is uninteresting, but played in the back parlours of Bloomsbury it may have the effect of stimulating the many "Japs" who are here "studying" to hurry off and help their brethren who are doing battle in the East. Mr. Sauer has the knack of turning off light pieces that sound exquisite under his own fingers, and will even be satisfactory when played by pianists inferior to himself in executive power. I can especially recommend the *Menuet* to those happy pianists who are often encored, and don't know what to play. Miss Newman's unambitious little piece is one, I believe, of a long series primarily intended for the use of teachers. For that purpose it may be commended. Mr. Arthur Hervey's mazurka is like a thousand others that are written without brains, inspiration, or any high degree of mechanical mastery, and on that account I presume it will be praised in the drawing-rooms of Kensington, and the composer will put his reward in his purse. Mr. Strelzki's piece is pleasing; but I wish that he, an Englishman, would call his pieces by English names. This affectation of giving innocuous bits of music startling and sometimes recondite titles is a little, just a little, imbecile.

R.

Care of the Throat and Voice.

— :o: —

In a good hour be it spoken, I have passed through a whole winter without a sore throat! Surely I owe it to my fellow-students of singing that they should know to what I attribute this good fortune?

I went one morning last autumn for my singing lesson with a very husky voice, and "scrapey" relaxed throat. "Ah!" said my singing master, "you must gargle with cold water—do it every morning—and also bathe the throat with cold water."

I have since then strictly adhered to this rule every morning, with the happy result that my voice and throat have distinctly gained in hardness and strength.

Much of the happiness of those who love singing depends on keeping the throat and voice in good condition. Perhaps a few of the instructions I have received from time to time on this subject may prove useful to my readers.

Doubtless, they nearly all know how many bad throats and colds may be avoided, and how the general health may benefit by always breathing through the nose instead of through the mouth. Nature has provided a lining to the nose, composed of innumerable little hairs, which act as a filter to the air we breathe, and prevent many impurities from descending into the lungs. Most people breathe naturally through the nose; those who do not should cultivate the habit, and they should take special care to do so when coming out of a hot room into the cold or damp air. Singers should be very particular about keeping the mouth shut on these occasions, especially if they have just been singing.

The throat is rendered weak and delicate by wearing fur round it, and the becoming bows and sable ties, of which ladies are so fond, should be discarded by all those who value their voices. I have often been told that even in such a severe climate as Russia, great singers

never muffle up their throats ; they consider that leaving the throat rather bare than otherwise renders it stronger and harder.

I am sure that the constant use of medicated lozenges—except in special cases—is neither beneficial to the voice nor the health. A small piece of liquorice, dissolved slowly in the mouth, is a very safe, and not unpleasant, remedy for slight huskiness. For loss of voice from cold, or from preventing a cold attacking the throat and voice, I have found the following a valuable prescription for a throat spray :—

Menthol 3 grs.
Paroleine (Burroughs & Wellcome) 3 ii.
Dissolve and mix.

This is best used in one of Burroughs & Wellcome's new atomisers, which cost about 3s., though, personally, I have once, *faute de mieux*, used it in an ordinary scent spray. The French consider that an unfailing cure for loss of voice from cold is a tumbler of hot milk, in which an onion has been boiled, taken at bedtime ; not a very pleasant remedy, perhaps, but doubtless very beneficial. Onions have, I believe, from time immemorial, been considered valuable in cases of chest affection.

Singers should be most careful about keeping the general health up to the mark by taking wholesome, nourishing food and regular exercise.

The following instructions, I think, are worthy of note. I copied them from a little book I read years ago, called, "A Singer's Story":—

" . . . eggs lightly cooked, milk, good meat simply cooked, green vegetables, fresh butter ; nothing very hot, nothing very cold : such were Rezzio's instructions."

"Rezzio" was the singing master of the heroine of the story. As far as I recollect, among other instructions, he told her to drink porter : an excellent thing, too, it is for the voice, especially for those who are not very strong, and often in want of a tonic.

It is very bad for the voice to sing when feeling tired or unwell, or when suffering from cold or sore throat.

Singing should never, on any account, be attempted in noisy places, carriages, or railway trains, and even much talking or laughing on these occasions is injurious to the voice.

To those who are fond of talking, and of whom, perhaps, necessity demands much talking, I add a final word of advice : Cultivate the habit of pitching the voice low rather than high in speaking ; it will be found in the long run far less tiring to yourselves, and probably far more pleasing to your listeners.

EVELYN.

Gaffs on Celebrities.

No. 4. THE YOUNG COMPOSER.

— : o : —

HE was not a celebrity when I met him. He lived in one of the shabby streets turning out of the Caledonian Road ; and it was only after many fruitless inquiries and much searching that I discovered the abode of Eustace Wyld.

"Never 'eard o' sich a name, sir," was the reply of a knowing-looking little urchin to whom I put a question respecting the young musician. "Don't think there's anybody answering that description about 'ere," said the policeman. "unless the gentleman 'appens to be one of Mrs. Swyer's top-storey lodgers."

And "one of Mrs. Swyer's top-storey lodgers" he turned out to be.

I found him surrounded by piles of manuscript, hard at work upon what was evidently a colossal composition. He was a singular-looking youth, apparently about four or five-and-twenty, with a wan, weary face, and glistening eyes which told a pathetic story of crushed hopes and a blighted life.

He looked up from his manuscript for a moment as I entered the room, and then returned to his task, altogether heedless of my presence. I watched him curiously as his pen ran rapidly over the paper, impelled by the beautiful strains which filled his soul. At last, as if suddenly realizing that he was not alone, he stopped, and, with an abrupt apology, asked if I came from Sir Frederic Marr.

"I have been expecting to hear from Sir Frederic," he said, with a momentary look of disappointment at my reply in the negative, "for several days past. He has promised to hear my new work, and, if it is suitable, to bring it out at the coming Festival. Only think of that ! Is it not worth hoping, worth working, worth living for, to have one's music—one's own creation—sung and played under the hand of such a man—such a prince among artists ?

"I am sure," he went on, his eyes glowing like fire, and his hollow cheeks flushed with excitement, "my 'Sappho' will please him. It is written for musicians, and that is why so few understand it. But the souls of artists speak plainly to each other, no matter in what language."

The pen trembled in his fingers as he spoke, and I saw beads of perspiration standing upon his forehead.

"You are not well," I said quietly. "Close application and too much anxiety are injuring your health."

"Oh, I shall soon be all right now," he replied. "I have struggled with fate fiercely and desperately, fearing sometimes that it would be too strong for me in the end. But my new work has given me a fresh lease of life, for it will, I know, bring me fame and prosperity. Even my wife declares that I am a different being since I heard from Sir Frederic."

"Are you married, then?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," he answered, with a smile, "to the only angel in the world. We were boy and girl when we married, and Marie has brought me happiness and sunshine when the world seemed coldest and darkest."

Poor little wife ! The story of Eustace Wyld's brief career which he unfolded to me made it only too evident that her sunshine had brought little return to her.

"For some reason or other," said Wyld, "I have never been able to get a hearing for my compositions. Publishers refuse to publish them because I am an unknown man, and conductors will not perform them. It is the same story over and over again. 'You have talent,' they say, 'but works like yours will never do for the public unless they are backed by a great name. Write something catchy'—catchy is, I suppose, another word for vulgar—"and we will give you a chance.' And this is musical England—a country in which Art has no value of its own."

"I'm afraid," I remarked, "that talent without reputation is of small account wherever you go."

"Then how are reputations to be made?" he retorted.

"Did not your advisers suggest the way?"

"You mean," he said, "that—that I must indeed stoop to—"

"Stoop to conquer," I interposed. "You will be in very good company, you know."

"Well, at any rate," he went on after a pause, "I am to have one chance at last. Sir Frederic Marr will be as good as his word, and who knows what the result may be? If Sappho is a success, our struggles are over. Marie shall do no more teaching, and I will finish my *magnum opus* with a good heart. If it's a failure—Heaven help me !"

"But it will not be a failure," said a sweet voice, and at the same moment a pretty little woman entered the room with a light, cheery step.

Wyld's manner brightened at the sight of his wife.

"You never lose faith, dear," he said ; then turning to me, "My wife is the only being in the world who appreciates my music."

"You forget, Eustace," she answered, "that I am almost the only being who has had an opportunity of hearing it. By-and-by, when everybody knows its worth; mine will be but one small voice in the general chorus of praise."

The musician had laid down his pen, and we sat, all three of us, talking about the past, in which pride and waywardness, together with a lofty sense of duty to Art, had kept worldly success at bay ; and the future upon which so much depended—which would bring the crowning joy or the crowning sorrow to two young lives.

Wyld told me, in the event of Sappho being accepted, that he hoped his wife, who had been trained as a vocalist at one of the great music schools, would sing the *Song of Triumph*, which he considered the gem of the work.

"It was inspired by her, and no one can sing it as she sings it," he said.

* * * * *

When I took my leave of the young composer, he was already at work again, and the old, worn look had returned to his face, and his head rested wearily on his poor, thin hand.

* * * * *

Early in the following year, "Sappho" was produced at the great Cecilia Festival with remarkable success, and Sir Frederic Marr received high praise for bringing such a brilliant composition to light. But Eustace Wyld did not hear the shouts of acclamation which greeted his life-work. Nor did Marie sing the *Triumph Song*. She had been a widow three months.

WALTER BARNETT.

June by the Sea.

— : o : —

A MONTH of sunny days beside the sea,
The leafy month of June;
The very heart of summer, glad and free,
Keeping all life in tune:
The joyous birds, the trees, the sea, the sky,
Swelling the flood of Nature's harmony.

And we, who listened, and absorbed the whole
Of Nature's blissful mood,
Enjoyed the higher summer of the soul,
Its music's deeper good:
Winged with immortal harmony, our days
Passed, singing evermore a "hymn of praise."

For, sweetest gift of all our Father sends,
We were the "fit and few,"
A little group of sympathetic friends,
Some old and tried, all true:
Ah ! what were life without this blessed love,
Whose blossom time is here, its fruit above !

M. L. W.

Mr. G. A. Higgs,

F.R.C.O.

—o.—

MR. HIGGS is a young musician who is rapidly coming into notice as the conductor of the South London Orchestral Society. That this body has so quickly made for itself an enviable reputation is due mainly to the exertions, enthusiasm, and ability of Mr. Higgs. He had gone through a long course of training which exactly fitted him for the post. He was a student at the Royal Academy of Music for three years, from 1877 to 1880; and he afterwards attended classes for orchestration, composition, organ and singing at Trinity College. The first appointment he held was that of organist and choirmaster of St. Mark's, Battersea Rise, S.W., where he remained for a good many years. Whilst there he gave his first concert on a large scale, with orchestra and distinguished soloists. Part of the programme was made up of Mendelssohn's *Ninety-fifth Psalm*, and the other part was the usual miscellaneous. This was Mr. Higgs' first success, and by it he showed South Londoners that they had in their midst a musician of undoubted gifts whose practical experience entitled him to a place second to none. After leaving St. Mark's, Mr. Higgs held many other appointments; but now seems permanently settled as organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's, Wimbledon Park, S.W. He is there becoming widely known as by far the ablest theorist and teacher in the district; and his powers as a choir trainer are also rapidly meeting with recognition. But, as I said at the beginning, it is as conductor of the South London Orchestral Society that Mr. Higgs does now, and will probably most frequently in the future, come before the public. As a specimen of the way in which he trained himself for the duties attaching to this post, it may be mentioned that besides studying orchestration, and thus acquiring a knowledge of all the instruments in the modern orchestra, he is also able to play several of them, and at one time was much addicted to taking the tympani at oratorio performances. In this proud capacity he has served under Mr. Humphrey Stark, Mr. Henry Gadsby, and other well-known conductors; he was also original tympanist in the Trinity College Orchestra under Mount. But of course Mr. Higgs has done much more than this. He has conducted orchestral concerts and performances of oratorios, cantatas, Psalms, and services with orchestra in various churches; and he was for several years conductor of the Wandsworth Choral Society. The episode which led to his sending in his resignation of the post was anything but creditable to various members of the committee of that society; and most of the band evidently thought so, for on the occasion when it was announced that a certain Mr. Wheeler, quite unknown to fame as a musician, but understood to be junior clerk or office-boy in some bank, was to be conductor for the remainder of the season, they rose from their seats and left the room, and at once formed themselves into the nucleus of the Society which Mr. Higgs now conducts. Even the appointment of a popular amateur musician to the conductorship has not helped the Wandsworth Society to get those members back: they stick to Mr. Higgs, who has now under him a band of sixty or seventy of the most competent performers to be found in Wandsworth, Clapham, Battersea, and the neighbourhood. While conductor of the Wandsworth Choral Society, Mr. Higgs directed excellent

performances of the *Creation*, *Lobgesang*, *Elijah*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and the *Messiah*. It was always his endeavour to give these works as their composers meant them to be rendered; on every occasion he had full wind and bass, and no piano to spoil the tone colour with its tinkling. The first concert of the South London Orchestral Society was fully reported in these columns; it need only be added that in the district the general opinion was that so good an orchestral concert had not been heard before. I wish Mr. Higgs every success with the undertaking he so enthusiastically directs.

R.

Professors' Note-Book.

—o.—

Avant-propos. As a teacher of many years' experience, and with an extensive practice, my advice is frequently sought upon matters connected with musical study; and it has been suggested to me that much of the information thus given would be acceptable and helpful to readers of our much-prized magazine, a large number of whom are doubtless engaged in some of the various branches of the art. In order to carry this suggestion into effect, this column, which will appear from month to month in these pages, has been undertaken with the hope that, by its means, the usefulness of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC may be still further extended.

* * *

What age? I am often asked, "What is the age at which children should begin the study of music?" The only possible answer to this question is an indefinite one, and depends entirely upon the more or less early development of musical taste. One thing is certain: there is as much danger of beginning too early with teaching as too late, and to set young children to play scales and dry exercises, as is so often done, is the height of absurdity and cruelty. Let the boys and girls hear good music, let them even amuse themselves at the piano, and then, when they begin to have ideas of their own (if ever they do), the teacher should be sent for and lessons should commence.

* * *

The best teachers. I suppose I ought to follow this paragraph up with the oft-repeated advice, "Engage only the best teachers." I read a long article some time ago, written by some one who should have known better, to combat "the common idea that anybody will do to teach a beginner." Now I don't believe it is "the common idea." I have met with very few parents, however unmusical, who would not repudiate it as strongly as I should myself. That the "best teachers" are not always engaged is true, and the fact is to be accounted for on the ground that parents are no judges in the matter. On the other hand, it is equally true that many of us who claim to rank among "the best" are utterly unfitted to undertake the early training of a child. We cannot see the difficulties which occur to the infantile mind, nor can we entirely throw away the presupposition of knowledge which does not exist. The best teachers for our little ones are not the learned musicians, but rather those who, by patience and perseverance, smooth the difficulties of the way, and content themselves with short and easy stages. Here is work for sisters and mothers.

* * *

Playing from memory. The art of playing from memory is being largely cultivated by pianists and many others. "I have left my music at home," is no longer a sufficient excuse for declining an invitation to

play, and a performer who has not a whole repertoire of pieces at his or her fingers' ends is considered sadly deficient in training. Whether this idea is being carried too far is a question I will not enter into; but as it is always useful to be able to play *something* without the assistance of a copy, a few simple hints for training the memory will not be out of place here. Begin upon a short and easy piece. Play it through, always from the same copy, two or three times quite slowly, and then try to repeat it independently of the book, without, however, removing it at first. It is important to use the same copy until the piece is committed to memory, in order that a *mental impression* of the notes as they appear in the score may be taken. By recollecting the position of a certain passage upon the page, the notes themselves may often be recalled. Note the character of rhythm, melody, and harmony. Do not depend upon the melody alone; a particular harmonic progression will often furnish a most useful "cue." If the power of recollection fail at one point, go back a few bars and lead up to it again, thus forming a chain of association which is the most reliable aid to memory. Devote a certain time daily to this practice, and as the process becomes habitual the retentive powers will develop, and pieces of a more complicated character will be remembered without difficulty.

* * *

How to practise. "Why does not this piece improve?" said a pupil the other day. "I have practised it for many hours, and it seems to get worse rather than better. Can you tell me why?" I could, and did. The practice had all been of the wrong sort. Instead of bestowing special attention upon the difficulties of the piece, it had been played straight through many times, with the result that mistakes once made were repeated, and passages stumbled over had been stumbled over again and again. It is the experience of every teacher that much valuable time is wasted upon this useless method of practising. If a pupil, after playing a piece once or twice through to catch its general idea and effect, will single out the difficulties and practise them *each hand separately* at first, and then both hands together, more real progress will be made in one week than a whole year's study (so-called) of the other kind will produce. This may seem a very trifling matter to set forth here, but the importance of it cannot be over-estimated, nor can the attention of teachers and students be too frequently called to it.

* * *

Every student of the violin should include in his daily work the practice of young violinists. of long sustained notes, which should be played with an even pressure of the bow, counting four, eight, and even sixteen to a note. Every gradation of tone should be employed, from the most sonorous *forte* to the softest *piano*; the bow being brought nearer the bridge, and drawn more rapidly across the string, under greater pressure of the forefinger, for the production of a loud tone, and playing with less force towards the finger-board when a soft effect is required. It is said that this kind of practice was all that the great Paganini allowed himself, and young fiddlers will find it very useful in obtaining perfect control of the bow, without which a fine tone and proper expression are unattainable.

MR. OTTO PEINIGER gave a violin recital at the Princes' Hall, Saturday afternoon, June 15, when fifty lady players took part in Handel's familiar Sonata in A, and the concert-giver played Bach's Chaconne and Mendelssohn's Concerto.





Ernest Bailey, Lith. Edinburgh.

MR THOMAS HARDY.

+ Authors and their Works. +

THOMAS HARDY.

HR. HARDY, as every one who reads his stories might surmise, is a Dorsetshire man. His family is said to have been founded in the reign of Elizabeth; Nelson's Captain Hardy was a member of it. "Kiss me, Hardy," said the hero, when he felt the chill of death: we all know the pathetic story. The novelist was born in a little village called Pocklington, about a mile and a half from Dorchester, in June, 1840. He began life as an architect in Dorchester, the Casterbridge of his novels. He soon showed genius in that line, but his interests were divided. He was for a time deeply interested in religious subjects, and contemplated a clerical career. At this period he wrote verses—religious verses mostly—and literature also claimed him intermittently. He went on with classical studies, and made himself a good scholar. By-and-by he came to London, where he worked at architecture, and studied English literature and modern languages at King's College. It was now that he took the medal and prize of the Institute of British Architects for an essay on "Coloured Bricks and Terra Cotta," and an article of his, entitled "How I Built myself a House," went into the April issue of *Chambers' Journal* in 1865.

But Mr. Hardy was getting tired of architecture; his bent was clearly towards literature, and when Mr. Meredith and Mr. John Morley, as the result of seeing a "wild sort of manuscript" of his, recommended him to take up fiction, he at once followed their advice. His first novel was "Desperate Remedies," published in 1871, when he was past thirty. It missed a popular success, but was recognised by the discerning few. In the following year came "Under the Greenwood Tree," one of the most perfect things in English fiction; then we had "A Pair of Blue Eyes," and after that came the work which secured Mr. Hardy his position in literature. Mr. Frederick Greenwood was then editing the *Cornhill*. Attracted by "Greenwood," he picked up "Under the Greenwood Tree" at a bookstall, and was so impressed by its power, that he engaged the author to write a serial for him. That turned out to be "Far from the Madding Crowd," and the thing was done. Mr. Hardy's reputation steadily made way, and he devoted himself entirely to literature. London could never have been very congenial to him, and he returned to his native Dorset, living in Wimborne, Weymouth, and now at Dorchester, where he has built himself a house at last from his own designs. Max Gate, as he calls the house, stands on a prehistoric burrow, whence Mr. Hardy can study at will the landmarks of Carne Plantation or Conyore Hill, Blackdon, with its monument to his ancestor, Sir Thomas Hardy, and the historic ramparts of Maiden Castle. A pilgrimage through Wessex convinces many travellers of Mr. Hardy's truth in describing the people, customs, and scenery of this unique and attractive countryside.

Down here in Dorsetshire they speak of Mr. Hardy as "him what puts us in books." And so he does to the very life. Not in the works of any other writer will you find the rural Englishman, and especially the Dorsetshire rustic, better painted than in Mr. Hardy's novels. "Under the Greenwood Tree" is really a rustic classic which deserves to be read and re-read many times. One of the drawbacks of the

modern multiplication of novels is the growing habit of readers to throw aside a brilliant book when once read as a thing to be forgotten. If "Under the Greenwood Tree" were an eighteenth century idyl, it would hold a place of honour beside the "Vicar of Wakefield." But the next century will right all this, no doubt. Some people think that Mr. Hardy's villagers have no real existence in fact. That may or may not be; what is certain is that there are no villagers like them in fiction. Let us have just one extract:

"There's this to be said for the Church, a man can belong to the Church and abide in his cheerful old inn, and never trouble or worry his mind about doctrines at all. But to be a meetinger, you must go to chapel in all winds and weathers, and make yourself as frantic as a skit. . . . Chapel folk be more hand-in-glove with them above than we," responds another, and the first says, "Yes. We know very well that if anybody goes to heaven, they will. They've worked hard for it, and they deserve to have it, such as 'tis. I'm not such a fool as to pretend that we who stick to the Church have the same chance as they. . . . But I hate a fellow who'll change his old ancient doctrines for the sake of getting to heaven." And he tells how kind the parson was to him in his troubles, and ends, "No, I'll stick to my side, and if we be in the wrong, so be it; I'll fall with the fallen!"

Mr. Hardy used to be known as the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd"; now-a-days it is usual to speak of him as the author of "Tess," Tess being of course another of the women who "did." In "Tess" Mr. Hardy is at his highest so far as the genius of the book is concerned. But in it he carries to its furthest extreme his power of tormenting his readers. The ending of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" is intensely sad; so is that of "Two on a Tower." The "Laodicean" is on the more ordinary lines of the modern, and indeed of the more ancient novel. The hero undergoes all sorts of unmerited misfortunes, but he is made happy at last. "The Trumpet Major" is very tantalising; the result is for a long while in suspense, but it finally turns out that which the reader does not want it to be. In "Tess," however, Mr. Hardy is positively barbarous. He says in his title that in it the story of "a pure woman" will be "faithfully represented." And he keeps his word. Tess is the innocent victim of circumstances—innocent if we consider her as driven mad by the folly and wickedness of others when the final tragedy is wrought. The men of the story are horrible creatures. We are informed in the preface that the story is told "as representing on the whole a true sequence of things"; the too genteel reader is spoken of as one "who cannot endure to have it said what everybody thinks and feels." If this means that the too genteel reader will sympathise with Angel in casting off his wife because of her early misfortune, the author is right in condemning him. The intelligent reader's complaint arises out of sympathy with Tess. The case is not one of lovely woman's stooping to folly. Angel acknowledges that Tess is more sinned against than sinning. The acknowledgment does not go far enough—Tess has not sinned at all. "For as when a man riseth against his neighbour and slayeth him, even so is this matter." The hanging of poor Tess is too dreadful to think of. The novelists of modern days have been as one man in determining to leave the gallows out of their stories. Even the worst villains

are permitted to poison themselves before the hour of doom. Mr. Hardy refuses to have Boldwood hanged in "Far from the Madding Crowd." George Eliot, too, permits Hetty in "Adam Bede" to be respite at the last moment, and she is a little hussy, not for a moment to be compared with Tess. But what a genius Mr. Hardy must be to give his "airy nothings" such reality that we resent unkindness done to them as though it were perpetrated on flesh and blood! With regard to most fictitious heroes and heroines, their creators might roast them at slow fires for all that we should care.

Men of genius, says a writer, may be divided, so far as manners go, into the Tennyson class and the Browning class. In deliberate boorish rudeness Tennyson could beat the world when he tried, and he seems to have tried pretty often. Browning, on the other hand, was invariably kind and courteous to the humblest. The only complaint any one could make of Mr. Hardy is that he does not know how great a man he is. He takes much too severely the attacks of small critics. In general company he is very silent. Where there are fewer, and he is quite at ease, he is a most animated and brilliant talker. As might be expected, he has decided opinions. Whatever he may think of his own critics, he has very small respect for the critics of other people, and takes a decidedly independent view of contemporary literature. He is a very hard worker, who finds it difficult to take a holiday, but he is often to be met in London at the house of his relative, Lady Jeune, and in other places.

THE Rev. Cæsar Caine, F.R.G.S., is going to print "Analecta Eboracensis; or, Some Remaynes of the Ancient City of York," collected by a citizen of York, from which Drake gave extracts. The citizen was Sir Thomas Widdrington, Speaker of the House of Commons. His was the first attempt to compile the history of York.

M. E. DUBUS, one of the decadent poets, died in Paris the other day at the age of thirty-one. M. M. Bernmann, the historian of Vienna, is also dead.

DR. SUPHAN, the learned Director of the Goethe- und Schiller-Archiv at Weimar, communicated at the last general meeting of the Goethe-Gesellschaft an interesting find, consisting of the poet's effusions during his student days at Leipzig. It is entitled "Annette," in honour of Anna Katharina Schönkopf, who then reigned supreme in his heart, and bears the date of "Leipzig, 1767." Goethe mentions this *Liederbuch*, which was artistically fitted out by his friend Behrisch, in "Dichtung und Wahrheit," and he must have made a present of it to Fräulein von Göchhausen, whom he so highly esteemed and upon whom he played so many pranks, as it was in her *Nachlass* that the poetical relic was discovered.

A "CENTENARY EDITION" of Burns, edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. T. F. Henderson, is to be printed by Messrs. T. & A. Constable, of Edinburgh, and published in that city. It will fill four volumes, issued at intervals of about three months in the course of this year and next. The first will consist of "Poems published by Burns"; the second of "Posthumous Poems"; and the third "Songs," all equipped with notes and illustrations. The fourth, "Songs, Doubtful Pieces, Addenda, Glossarial Index, and General Index," will contain an essay on "The Life and Genius of Burns," by Mr. Henley. The text is the result of a collation of manuscripts and original editions, and the pieces will, as far as possible, be arranged according to the dates of publication in their author's lifetime. The large accumulation of history, commentary, and legend—much of it irrelevant—which has gathered about Burns's life and work will be reduced within narrow limits and relegated to a place apart. The *édition de luxe* will be illustrated with photogravures of authentic portraits and facsimiles of famous manuscripts. The ordinary edition will contain a portrait and some two dozen other etchings by Mr. William Hole.

How to Play Mozart's Sonatas.

(Continued from page 125.)

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THE Air with Variations, which we have now to consider, is a wonderfully beautiful study in all the different styles of playing known in Mozart's day; and I may say that any one who can get through this movement perfectly, and with ease, is ready to begin work upon the most difficult of modern music. The first thing to consider is the *Tempo* of the various variations. Now there is a general belief that no "liberties" may be taken with Mozart—that if you commence at a certain pace, you must stick to that pace throughout; and in support of that preposterous theory, the evidence of persons who heard Mozart play is brought forward. I question the value of that evidence, and I believe a good deal of evidence could be raked out, which, properly interpreted, would show that Mozart did not play in strict time, though he undoubtedly did not avail himself of the freedom so necessary in playing Beethoven and all the later music. But the best answer to the strict time view is, that if you play Mozart in strict time you make him ridiculous. With the exception of a few of the rattling finales, which are merely refined dances, there is scarcely a movement that will bear playing metronomically, so to speak. Least of all will his Variations stand such playing. To commence the theme at $P=92$, and play every variation at $P=92$, except those marked a good deal slower or faster, is to hold up Mozart as a finely developed specimen of the Musical Ass. In those we are about to consider there are not two consecutive ones to be taken exactly at the same rate. The degree of rhythmical spring latent in the figure on which each variation is built, is what decides the pace. Thus the theme must be given out clearly and easily, not at all pompously, or as if it were anything special important, at $P=92$ from 92 to 100. But if the first variation is taken at that pace, it will be found to drag painfully; therefore you may play it at $P=$ anything between 126 and 132. But you must remember not to hurry off suddenly with a new variation in a way suggesting that you have turned over two pages, and were hurrying off with a new sonata; or suddenly to stop, as though you had dropped off to sleep. Often Mozart introduces a slow variation, and then, after the interruption, a faster one; but we have no right to introduce such effects unless they are indicated by the composer. Variation II. may go along rather faster even than Number One, for it is light and airy; but at the third you come back to about $P=116$ to 120; for if you go much quicker, you take the weight out of the music. Variation IV. must go even slower; but the next, a staccato study, goes off at top speed—at least $P=132$, I think. A slight reduction will be just right for Number Six; while seven, of course, is taken moderate, say about $P=96$. The next is fast— $P=138$; the next again a little slower, and the time of that will also serve for Variation X. Mozart has marked the eleventh Adagio cantabile, and I should be inclined to say C (not the crotchet) $=96$ is quite fast enough. In some editions the finale is marked *Allegretto*, in some *Allegro*, in some others again, *Presto*; but *Allegretto*— $P=120$ —is about the right pace.

This question of pace is so important, not only for these variations, but for all variations, that I have devoted a good deal of my space to it. Therefore, I can only consider the treatment of the theme of the first variation this month; the remainder of the sonata must wait until next issue.

Later on, Mozart makes a good deal of use of the opening notes, which must be played clearly and distinctly, and with just sufficient of accentuation to call attention to them:



The whole phrase must be played thus:



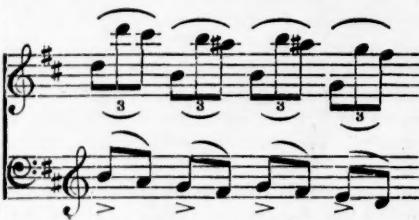
Beyond making the melody sing clearly throughout, the presentation of the theme is not a matter of any great difficulty. But with the first variation the real difficulties commence. The pace, I have said, must be increased. The tone, to begin with, must be thin and clear, suggestive of strings. You must particularly practise such bits as this, which occurs six bars from the end of the variation—



until you get the tone almost, one may say, colourless. Then the phrasing must be studied "dead carefully," such points as this, in the third bar, being attended to—



the slightest conceivable pause, and just a tiny accent being given to the G I have marked. Then, in the third bar after the double bar, you have the old, old difficulty of three quavers in the treble against two in the bass—



and for this there is absolutely no remedy, except practice of each hand separately, and then practice with both hands together. The fact that the first of each of the groups of quavers in the left hand must be accented, makes the thing a good deal easier.

(To be continued.)

MISS DORA BRIGHT, a clever and earnest pianist, proposes to give a series of what may be called national recitals, the countries to be represented being Germany, France, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Spain, Holland, Belgium, and, of course, England. These performances should be interesting and instructive.

How to Practise.

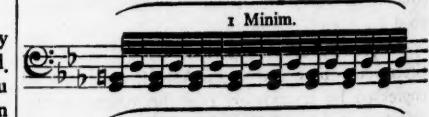
CHILDREN'S PIECES.

THE first of these, a "waltz" by Clementi, makes a very excellent little piece for little hands and little fingers to practise. The main thing is to put a small accent on the first beat of each bar unless in some way directions are given you to put it elsewhere, and when it is directed to be put elsewhere not to put too much or too little. For instance, in the sixth bar you must lift the finger off the first C (I am speaking of the right-hand part), and then hit the second C just a little harder than the first, and see that it joins on to the next note without mixing with it. That is (as you probably know) what is called a *legato*: you do it by lifting your finger and letting one note come up just as the next one is struck. There is one thing which is very hard to do, and which you can practise in this piece; that is, playing louder with one hand than with the other. Here the melody in the right hand is generally a good deal louder than the left hand, and you should practise doing that until you are satisfied that you can really do it. In two places, at the head of page 2, and at the end of the second stave of that page, the left hand should be louder than the right; so here in this piece you have enough to keep you busy some time. In addition to the points I have mentioned, always pay great attention to the marks of expression.

The piece called "Gebet vor der Schlacht," by Hummel, gives you a chance to practise the tremolo in the left hand, and to study a heavier kind of playing altogether. Take the tremolo first. It is curiously written:



You will note that the heads are minim heads, but the tails are demisemiquaver tails; so that the confusion is worse than that between Jacob and Esau. But it only means that the minims have to be divided into demisemiquavers, in this way:



The effect of this is a little like the sustained sounds of the organ, a little more like the real tremolo produced on the violin by moving the bow back and forward in very quick short strokes, and most of all like a street piano-playing. But it is the only way of keeping a note sounding on the piano, and as you have to learn it sooner or later it is better to learn it at once. As for the other parts of the piece, try to keep the tone sweet, even when it is loud; and practise your *crescendos* and *diminuendos* very hard, to get them quite smooth and regular.

The little bit of Mozart I give here (not the composer, I mean his music) affords a study in easy, pretty playing. Get the accents on the first beat of each bar, the slurred notes very smooth, and the dotted, staccato ones crisply detached from each other, and all will be well—except the shakes and turns. The first shake must be played this way:



and the other may be similarly done. The only turn should be played thus :—



WAR MARCH OF PRIESTS, FROM "ATHALIE."

As this is an arrangement of an orchestral piece, I will not give any elaborate directions for playing it. The main things are to get the force and energy and colour into the first part, and in contrast to that, the middle part just sufficiently calm, flowing, and reticent.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

The main difficulty of a Mendelssohn song without words is to make the melody sing clearly while the accompaniment is sufficiently subdued. In No. 14, not only the left-hand part, but the lower notes of the right-hand part must be kept very quiet—quiet, that is, compared with the song, which forms the upper notes of the right-hand part. If once that is achieved, and a beautiful singing quality put into the melody, all will go well until the last two lines, where the song is imitated in the bass. Here the student must be careful to distinguish. When the melody enters in the bass it must not be too vocal, too prominent, so as to suggest that a gentleman friend of the lady in the treble has been so carried away by his feelings as to join in, unasked and superfluously, just as she finishes : it must suggest that while the lady goes on singing in the treble the piano accompaniment is weaving in fragments of her song so as to give additional fulness and richness as the piece concludes. Be careful not to take the song too fast, and note that with the *crescendo* on the second stave of the second page a considerable acceleration of the pace must begin, and go on until the entrance of the bass melody (just referred to), where it slackens a good deal. Then with the next *crescendo* begin to hurry it up again, and slow down with the *diminuendo*. Note also that the piece really ends with a note of interrogation—a feeling of dissatisfaction. Schumann would certainly have finished on the dominant seventh, but Mendelssohn was much too gentlemanly to leave the room asking a conundrum as he went.

SPINNING SONG.

Note that in the first and third bars you have merely to lightly touch the notes, as it were, on the weakest beats—the third and sixth. In the fourth bar be careful not to gabble “*daily work*”; let it come off the tongue “*trippingly*,” as Hamlet said. The eighth and ninth bars should be sung *mezzo-forte*, but crisply, and the next two as softly as ever possible, and with clear, delicate tone. The great difficulty of doing a phrase like this correctly is to whisper clearly. Don’t make any hissing noises—clip the *s* and the *u*, and concentrate the little sound you are producing on the *pi*. When you come to the last verse, trying to sing those two bars softer than ever, and with a slight *rallentando*.

MAY SONG.

In the fourth bar of this make “*forest*” almost, but not quite, into one syllable by singing it absolutely *legato*. To detach the two notes “*for-est*” of it, would sound ridiculous. In the fourth bar of the second stave, when you leap to the upper *E*, do it by shortening the last syllable of “*brooklet*,” and getting your larynx in position to take the high note softly. The song goes rather fast, and you count only one in the bar; and when towards the end you have to sing two instead of three quavers to each dotted crotchet this will not be so hard as it would be if you had been counting three in a bar.

Mr. Cowen's New Opera.

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MUCH has been told us in advance about this new work of Mr. Cowen and Sir E. Malet, and at last we have had an opportunity of testing the truth of the prophecies. On the whole they are very far from being justified. When *Harold* was “performed” at the English Embassy in Berlin, it is said to have impressed all listeners immensely by its great dramatic power and the beauty of the lyrics it contained, and now when it is performed in England we find that dramatic power is chiefly the quality that is wanting, and that the “beauty” of the lyrics is of much the same order as the beauty of “The Better Land.” And, again, when *Harold* was “performed” at Berlin (I put “performed” in inverted commas, because the truth was that the performance amounted to nothing more than the work being run through at the piano with the singers, all save the tenor—the most important part in the opera, who was away ill—singing their parts as they best could after scanty rehearsal), when the work, I say, was “performed” at Berlin, we were told a good deal about the wonderful strength and literary quality of Sir E. Malet’s libretto. Well, the libretto is before me, and I shall presently show that if the music is not good, the “words” are at any rate a great deal worse. On the whole, both libretto and music give one reason to wish that the opera-going part of the British nation, or that part of the opera-going part of the British nation which lives in London, had been led to expect less of the new achievement. We were led to expect something very great indeed, not merely great for Mr. Cowen, but absolutely great, a work that would stand comparison with many works that are, deservedly or undeservedly, popular with the English public. And now that *Harold* is produced one may very well doubt whether it will even create the interest created by the operas of the late Goring Thomas. It is certainly not great, and hardly tuneful, though tune of a sort is the one thing one has a right to expect of the composer of “The Better Land.”

Let us first carefully examine the libretto. It is, I have said, by Sir E. Malet, and Sir E. Malet is the English ambassador at Berlin. Now a diplomatic training may do many things for a man. It may teach him how, for example, to catch and square the unfavourable critic, or that critic’s editor ; it may enable him to get round an unwilling operatic manager ; it may in short, as I say, enable him to do many things, but of those many things libretto-writing is obviously not one, for Sir E. Malet is a diplomat and he cannot write a libretto. Evidently this is a statement to be proved, and I will quickly prove it. Take first the verses out of which Mr. Cowen has had to make his lyrical numbers. Any one will serve as well as another, so take William’s song in the first act :—

“The courtiers stood at the king’s right hand,
And they told of beauteous far-off land,
And the king forgot to quaff his wine,
Sighing ‘How, ah how, can this land be mine?’
“Then love drew near with song and flow’r,
Singing, ‘Love is ever the mightiest pow’r,’
But the king laughed loud, as his lips he wet,
‘Love never won a kingdom yet.’”

And so the idle drivel goes on : it is unnecessary to quote any more of it. Let us pass on to another masterpiece, also put into the mouth of the unhappy William :—

“Ambition, launch thine argosy,
And bear me o’er thy tide,
Unfurl thy swelling sails for me,
And proudly let me ride.
Sweet star of hope, uplift thy beams,
Rise o’er the brightening sea,
And guide me to the land of dreams,
Wherein my heart would be.”

Note the mixed state of the first verse. Ambition has first to launch the argosy : ambition we may say is therefore the boatbuilder. Then ambition is the boat, for it has to bear William o’er its own tide, so that ambition is the tide also, as well as the man who builds the boat and the boat itself. Finally, Ambition would appear to be a horse, for Sir E. Malet, or rather William, is anxious to ride him. The second part is not so horribly mixed as this, but it is horribly platitudinous. Let us examine one or two more verses of the same sort. In the last act Edith sings,—

“In this hour of sad repining
Higher hopes alone give peace,
And my heart to heaven inclining,
May from sorrow find release.”

Is this a lyric, or is it from Messrs. Moody & Sankey’s graceful collection of hymns and tunes for use at missions ? That is Edith in a serious, not to say a sentimental mood : listen to the light and skittish maiden :—

“The flow’rs are gleaming,
The sunlight streaming,
With happy hearts we dance and sing ;
Why dread the hours,
While life has flow’rs,
Ah ! we pluck the blossoms as they spring.”

But enough of this ; it will be obvious to the reader least expert in poetry that this kind of verse is fit for nothing better than a school reading primer, or the *Yellow Book*, or the *Daily Chronicle*, which, by the way, thinks it not at all bad poetry for the purpose. How could we expect Mr. Cowen or any composer to do any good work with this as a basis to build on ? The thing is preposterous ; and though I do not wonder with some critics why Mr. Cowen should have attempted to set the stuff at all—for I have long known that Mr. Cowen’s taste in poetry is of the crudest—yet I regret as sincerely as they that he did endeavour to set it. If the drama had been a moving one, powerfully told at the crucial moments, the composer might have a chance to redeem the sheer dulness of the lyrical portions. But the truth is that the story of William the Conqueror does not lend itself at all readily to an opera such as Mr. Cowen wants. We all know very well what he wants : a pretty opera, with a graceful heroine, a gentlemanly hero, and just enough of misfortune to serve as an excuse for a good deal of sentimentalising, and room for plenty of charming ballet music. Whether Mr. Cowen knows it or not, that is what he really wants : only when he gets something of the kind does he really wake up to the fact that he is composing an opera. *Harold*, I say, with its fierce, untameable William the Conqueror, the terror of men, is no opportunity for Mr. Cowen. Unfortunately Sir E. Malet has tried to treat it as though it were. Imagine the man of blood and iron, the tremendous wild beast who would disembowel children before their mother’s eyes, singing such feeble drawing-room verse as the first and second of my quotations ! Imagine him doing the polite thing and paying delicate compliments to Edith ! And Harold himself is no stronger than William. When he is arrested by order of Edward the Confessor, he says, “What if I say I will not go ?” and the effect on the stage is too comical for description. He escapes arrestment by the help of William, and

in a rash fit of gratitude makes this wholly uncalled for promise :—

" And thus to-day I swear to thee,
To follow where thou leadest,
To aid thee when thou needest,
To give my sword and life to thee;
I swear it here by heaven above
And thus I turn my back on those,
Who banish me from home and love."

Was ever such feeble stuff conceived in the world before? One pictures the ambassador sweating in his study over the rhymes, and chuckling in triumph when he hits on the ancient one of "love" and "above." Save for the mention of swords it might serve for Rachel's declaration to Jacob (or whoever else it was who said something of the sort in the Old Testament), and even for that purpose it would be weak. This will give a fair and accurate idea of the amount of characterisation to be looked for in the libretto of *Harold*. As for the drama itself, there is not enough of it, and what there is is too long drawn out. The only way to treat the subject at all would have been to develop the character of Harold himself very fully, showing his doublings and hesitations, his cowardice and his valour, his superstitions and his love, all working towards one tremendous final tragedy. Except it be so treated there is nothing in the story to make a drama of. Obviously Sir E. Malet, who seems hardly to know what passion is, or how to express it if he does know, could not handle the subject in this way; and if he had so handled it, Mr. Cowen has hardly the genius to set it. Both of the collaborateurs were, as I have already hinted, on the look-out for a pretty drama, and as Harold did not readily adapt himself to that purpose, they simply took him and bent and broke him until at last he fell into something approaching the right shape. In the first act a ballet is interpolated, a quite unnecessary, very ugly, very un-Saxon ballet; and in the second act we have a tedious church-service to sit out before the real point of the scene is arrived at; in the third act the funeral of Edward the Confessor is intolerably long, and made much too much of; and in the last act we have floods of maudlin sentimentality from Edith before the real point of that act is arrived at. Then songs, unnecessary, undramatic songs, are shoved in wherever there is a chance or no real chance at all. The result is that we soon lose whatever impulse may be latent in the drama, and thus the songs themselves lose whatever of significance and appropriateness they might possess in the librettist's mind. I have considered the question of libretto at length, for although it is still the fashion to treat that part of an opera as of small importance, the truth is that in the late nineteenth century opera the book is quite as important as the music. A good book may be wasted on bad music, certainly, but it is also true that good music is always wasted on a bad book. At any rate, part of the dissatisfaction one feels with Mr. Cowen's music may be due to the dulness of the drama. I will now examine the music act by act.

The hunting chorus in the first act I pass over as neither here nor there. It is not good and it is not bad, it is simply altogether without any sort of significance. But presently as Edith enters we have the Edith theme, which I give as it occurs here :—

8ve. loco.

8ve.

There is not much in that, I think every one will confess. Compared with any of Wagner's female themes (if I may so say) or with Marshall-Hall's Edith theme, which I quoted here a couple of years ago, how feeble and colourless does it show! It might have been developed into something fine, for although it does not express the right feeling, any experienced composer can tell at once that it has been inspired by the right feeling. But development is the thing that Mr. Cowen is most studious to avoid, and as the Edith theme enters at the beginning so does it go out at the finish, an abortion of a theme one may call it. Presently when Harold, who, apparently, has been poaching, is captured and brought in to Alfnoth, a Saxon Earl, and commences a very off-hand conversation with that great personage, we have a theme much better than the average of Mr. Cowen's inspirations. Here it is :—

Of course it is not great—indeed I have been careful to say that nothing in *Harold* is great—but at least it has vivacity and some crispness, and that is more than some of the music which occurs presently possesses. It carries along the conversation until another and a more pretentious theme occurs and the Duke of Normandy is announced.

Now think, not of Sir E. Malet's Duke William, but of the conqueror of England, the savage Viking, bloody, merciless, hard, without a touch of humanity about him, and then ask yourself who this theme stands for: for the real duke, or for some stately, benevolent priest? It might very easily stand for the king in *Lohengrin*, for it is not lacking in dignity, but for the duke in *Harold* it is admirably unfitted. It is too majestic, and has none of the savage energy such a theme should possess if it is not to be like this one, hopelessly inadequate. It shows how very poor in quality Mr. Cowen's imagination is, how very deficient in the power which is of the essence of imagining, vividness of vision. Passing by this utter failure, let us have a glance at the theme of the love-duet between Edith and Harold (which comes off before the duke enters; while, in fact, all the others are withdrawn on pretext of having gone to meet the duke). They have met for the first time after a long separation, they are so madly in love with one another that Harold risks his life to see her again, she allows him to risk his life rather than not see him—and this is what they say and sing to each other.—

Can one imagine it? Is it not terrible that Mr. Cowen should conceive of two people who love one another spooning in such idiotic, helpless fashion? If I were Edith, and Harold talked to me that way, or I were Harold and Edith talked to me that way, I would immediately announce the termination of the engagement and take the risk of an action for breach of promise, for I am sure that whatever part I might play, if I brought forward the other, my late betrothed, and made him or her sing this melody, no unintelligent jury would refuse to see that I was perfectly justified in ending the connection at once. It is a relief from this to get to Mr. Cowen's ballet music, out of place though that is in the drama. This is the principal theme :—

I cannot very easily quote with justice from the Duke's song, for it has no subject, properly so called, and to give an adequate idea of it I should have to print the whole of the first verse. But I will give a little passage uttered by Seward when he is sent to arrest Harold and the Duke of Normandy tries to get Harold off the premises under his protection.

Of course the accentuation of the word "Normandy" is absurd, and the whole effect makes one think of the doorkeeper at St. James's Hall refusing to admit some one without a ticket to the Paderewski recital; but all the same it is well to know that Mr. Cowen can get outside conventional phrases in this way. But the passage is entirely out of place here. This incident is not one of the real climaxes of the drama, and it is treated as though it were. A strong, original passage like this would have had admirable dramatic effect in the second act, where the duke makes Harold swear allegiance to him, and unfortunately it is just such passages that we wait in vain for there. So much, then, for the first act. It will be seen that there is hardly a good subject, and certainly not a fine melody in it; for though I have not quoted the duke's song, it is of the wateriest drawing-room quality.

The first act has taken place in the country home of Earl Alfnoth; Harold is there rescued from Edward's men by William, makes the promise I have quoted, and is taken by him to his Norman home, where the next scenes occur. The curtain rises and we have an old Norman garden, with some really pretty and appropriate music to match. I will not make any excerpts, because it is hardly condensed enough to bear that treatment: there are no single passages that serve as fair samples of the whole. In this scene Adela, the duke's daughter, who has been instructed by her diplomatic parent to gain the affections of Harold, lays herself out to do so; while at the same time Harold, who has already repented him of his promise, and thinks that if he can win Adela's heart she will help him to some escape, tries to make her believe that he is in love with her. Thus a game of cross purposes goes on; and as really nothing comes of it, one wonders why it has been inserted at all, for the pretended lovelmaking on both sides does not lend itself to effective musical treatment. At least Mr. Cowen does not treat it effectively. He simply gives us what he supposes to be love-music, and it proves to be of a singularly low quality. I don't know that it is worth while giving any of the themes: they are not inspiring, and they receive no development. I pass on to the big church scene where Harold takes his oath. The monks and nuns are gathered, and then the choirboys begin with this phrase:—



which I do not hesitate to call the vulgarest, absolutely by far the vulgarest, ever used for such a purpose. Imagine the imposing scene: at the back the altar, on either side the monks and nuns, the old Norman architecture; imagine, in addition to these, all the associations of the old Roman service, and then that phrase. It sends an agonizing pang of disgust through one, so that the remainder of the scene loses all its interest. Harold swears to music of no particular value, the pall on which he swears is lifted and discloses the dead saint underneath, and still the music is of no particular value, and before that William's ridiculous song, to sing which he keeps every one in the church waiting,

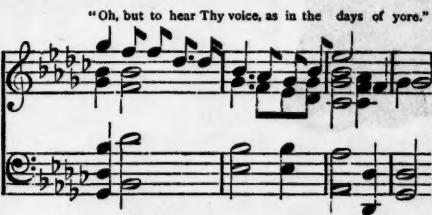
and pretending they don't know he is there, is also of no particular value. Harold's oath-taking finished the act, and I really must give a kind of oath theme which Mr. Cowen employs freely here and later on:—



In the next act we have first the funeral march of Edward the Confessor. This is the principal theme:—



Then Edith comes on and sings a song of which the first phrase is genuinely expressive, though afterwards it tails off into mere buckets full of Cowenesque pathos. But this opening is good.



What annoys one perhaps more than anything else in Cowen's music is this kind of stuff, which seems to me the result of mere laziness, for why on earth should any one write a succession of sixths when other harmonies would be more expressive?

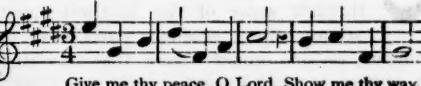


Of this sort of thing we have page after page, until it becomes thoroughly nauseating. Well, Harold returns, is met by Edith, and the unhappy pair make it up. Then she remembers that she has vowed to become a nun, and without more ado, without Harold making one effort to persuade her to alter her determination, they sing the verse about "In this hour of sad repining." Had they the making of two real lovers in them, they would either have defied God and man and sworn to be married, vow or no vow, or else have kicked fiercely against the pricks, even if they yielded in the end. But that is not Mr. Cowen's notion of true love any more than it is Sir E. Malet's,—those gentlemen-like lovers who don't really care twopence for one another, and throw the thing up on the approach of the slightest difficulty, with a readiness that hints at their really being very glad to be done with the whole business. This is the melody which Edith sings:—



A funny thing may be observed here. Edith's melody is expressive of helpful resignation. Now Harold's words are expressive of weak, despairing resignation, for whereas she says that "Higher hopes alone give peace," he says that "There is naught can give me peace." The sentiments are entirely different, but the fact that the outlines of the verses (so to speak) are the same is enough for Mr. Cowen, and he makes Harold express his despair in exactly the same phrase which he has chosen to express Edith's calm, hopeful resignation. To pass this unsatisfactory part of the act, Harold is presently chosen king, or rather, he accepts the crown, and then we have some of the most nonsensical patriotic music ever written.

Still, the scene has a certain amount of energy which doubtless accounted for its being the most successful of the opera so far as the gallery is concerned. The last act has neither energy nor any other redeeming quality, unless an amplitude of sentimental sweep is a redeeming quality, which I am not prepared to admit. Edith sings a great deal of this sort of pietistic melody:—



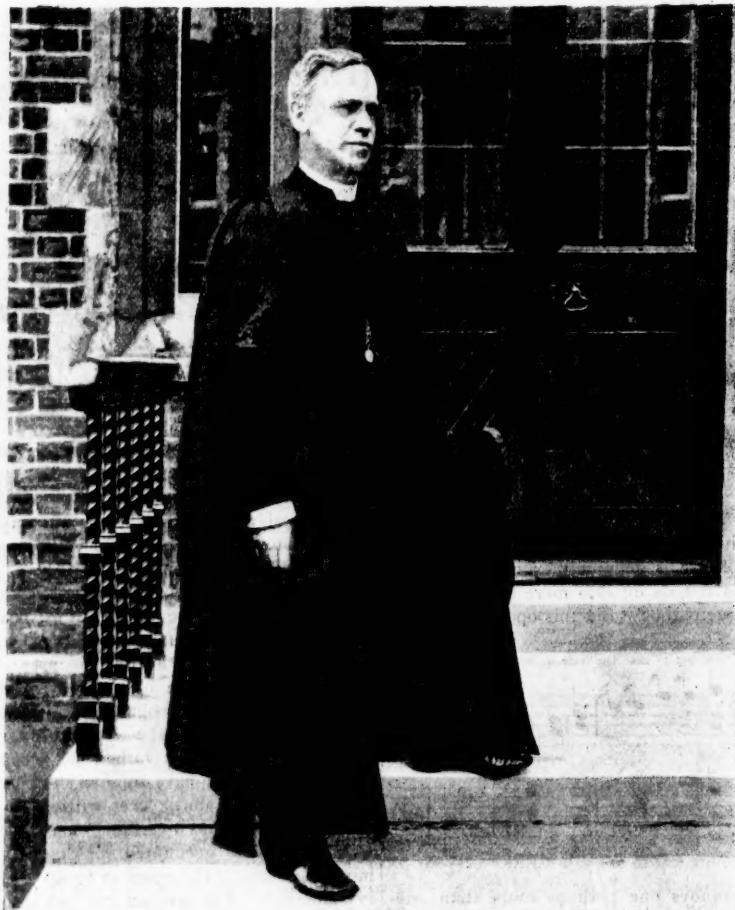
and anon breaking out into fierce hysterical patriotism, and finally falling asleep. She is supposed to be in "a nunnery"—Sir E. Malet has not even been at the trouble to find out what nunnery she was likely to be in—and as she falls asleep she hears the sweet little choirboys, who sang in the second act, at it again. Then she dreams, and we have music representing the battle of Senlac, and the last scene shows us the field after the battle. Edith comes on and finds Harold's body, and that—practically—is all. Not a phrase of the music is worth quoting.

To sum up, then, Mr. Cowen's opera is, from beginning to end, an utter, an irremediable failure, and for this failure music and libretto are about equally to blame. The libretto affords the composer few opportunities, and the composer has failed to take advantage even of those few. Harold will slide rapidly into oblivion, and Mr. Cowen must make up his mind to try to do better—if he really thinks he has the making of an operatic composer in him. But if he thinks so, I regret to say, he differs from me very completely.

Music in the Public Schools.

ST. JOHN'S, LEATHERHEAD.

—o.—



From a Photograph by F. PARRETT, Leatherhead.

THE HEAD MASTER—THE REV. A. F. RUTTY, M.A.

ON a recent Sunday I went down to Leatherhead, and as the train passed through some of the loveliest quiet scenery these southern parts have to show us, no one would dream that anything so vulgar as a horse-race had ever been heard of in the neighbourhood. Leatherhead lies in one of the most interesting parts of Surrey. The town itself is very much like every other south country town. That is, it is neither quite a town, nor only a village, nor merely a street, but looks like a street that had grown up with the idea of being nothing more ambitious than a village, and then got foolish ideas into its head and tried to straggle out until it covered space enough to feel justified in calling itself a town. Its general air of straggledom is emphasized by new buildings shoving their noses into gaps of old-world streets, and by glimpses of old-world houses one gets between gaps of new-fashioned streets. But all the place is superlatively clean, the air is as fresh, and in the summer time as fragrant as the lungs of man and boy could desire, and gardens are so many, and trees and bushes and flowers do so abound, that you cannot possibly forget that you are in the country. Leatherhead, therefore, is, as the old Bible writers said of Jerusalem, "beautiful for situation"; and besides it has what Jerusalem did not possess, a fire engine, and, what is more, a house of most quaint design for the same. St. John's College lies beyond the town—beyond, that is, as you walk or drive from the station. Whether

it is east, west, south or north, I cannot tell, but that, clearly, is my fault, and not the fault of them that built either the town or the school. Whether it be north, south, west or east, the main thing is that in the fulness of time, and covered with perspiration, the representative of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC did arrive at the school gates, and tarried a moment to survey the school itself. It has all the air of a fine antiquated building in the baking, but it is only half baked yet. So far as the front view is concerned the architects and builders have done their share, and now time and wind and weather must do theirs. After they have had a couple of centuries I have no doubt that St. John's School will be of as reverend aspect as the colleges where Milton or Tennyson idled away their time. The little chapel, on your right as you enter, is like a staid old gentleman amongst a crowd of upstart youngsters. It was once large enough to take the whole schoolful of boys at a sitting; now it is so shrunk that it only holds half. Age may account for this; but I should also explain that the school has doubled its numbers since the days when the chapel accommodated everybody. For the development of St. John's School has been most surprising. Founded in 1852 for the free education of sons of poor clergymen, it was originally very inconsiderately situated at Clapton. When the numbers had sufficiently increased to make some enlargement necessary, the present site was purchased and the school removed thither in 1873. At first only sons of clergy were

taken and they were all educated free; now there are a number of supplementary founders (who must be clergyman's sons) paying thirty guineas a year; and besides these, a number of boys unconnected with the foundation, who pay the ordinary sixty guinea fee. Ten years ago there were about 120 boys, I believe, now there are over 260 (all boarders). For this remarkable growth the exertions of the headmaster, the Rev. A. F. Rutty, are responsible. Mr. Rutty has been a headmaster for nearly a quarter of a century, and of this period twelve years have been passed at St. John's School, and it is during these twelve years that the school has made such a great leap forward.

There can be but one inference. Year after year more university scholarships are gained by the school, so that we cannot doubt that it will shortly be recognised as entitled to a place in the front rank of public schools. Mr. Rutty's labours are not confined to developing the resources of the institution which he so ably rules; on him falls also the more arduous task of maintaining "peace within the borders." For where every master is keenly anxious that the school shall distinguish itself in his particular branch of study, it is natural that good-natured conflicts should arise as to whether Jones shall go to room A, and addle his head with mathematics, or to room B, and revel in the staid joys of the classic writers. Then Mr. Rutty comes upon the scene, and decides that the boy shall go here or there, according to the circumstances, and his decisions are always accepted without demur. I mention this part of Mr. Rutty's duties because it is closely connected with what I suppose was to be the subject of this article when I commenced—Music in St. John's School; for these little collisions do not occur between mathematics and classics so frequently as between music and every other subject. These other subjects are legally recognised, and have their rights, beyond which they cannot go, and less than which they will not accept. But Music is everywhere a gipsy; she has no rights, she can claim nothing; and if by accident she gets anything, it may be taken away from her without redress. This is not more the case at Leatherhead than elsewhere, but somehow or other poor little Music had lately been kept out of doors a little too much. But Mr. R. R. Terry, when he was appointed music master some twelve months ago, found the Principal more than willing that Music should be brought indoors, have her hair combed, her face washed, a tidy frock put on, and generally be made respectable enough for the society of respectable boys. But you cannot have music, you cannot have bands and choruses in full swing, unless the boys who form the bands and choruses have time for lessons, private practice and rehearsals. At first there was some little difficulty in getting that time, but by the help of Mr. Rutty things were ultimately arranged pacifically in the manner I shall presently detail.

CHAPEL SERVICES.

Music has two claims on the St. John's School boy. He may intend to make it his profession, or he may intend it only as an accomplishment, like drawing: that is one claim. Whether or not he feels the force of that, he must feel the force of the other, which is that in a church school, where chapel is held morning and evening, he ought, if possible, to take part in the choir work. It is more on the strength of the second than the first of these claims that music plays the important part it now does in the school. Even Mr. Terry is primarily engaged as organist, and whatever else is left undone the chapel services must be attended to. As I have said, the chapel is too small now

to seat the whole school, so that two sets of services have to be held for the upper and lower school respectively. A deputy (one of the boys) plays for the lower school services, receiving a small scholarship for so doing. The junior services are merely chants and hymns; the senior are of the full cathedral type on Sundays, plain chants and a hymn on week-days, except on Friday evenings, when there is an unaccompanied service, with an anthem. In Advent and Lent there are special services with sermon on Thursday evenings. At these services a short cantata takes the place of the usual prayers, and the school band and organ furnish the accompaniments when band parts are written. Last Advent Bridge's *Cradle of Christ* was given, and during Lent Stainer's *Crucifixion*, Bach's *Wachet Auf*, and Gounod's *Gallia* are in rehearsal for next Advent and Lent.

music at sight, while the remainder can tackle the most difficult after a few practices.

I learnt from Mr. Terry, in the course of conversation, that his trebles are much the same as trebles all the world over—fond of music if nothing more attractive is to the fore, but that his tenors and basses are without exception the keenest set he has ever met with. They not only begrudge no amount of time for practice, but in the event of any specially heavy service being in rehearsal, they may be found at odd minutes during the day, in twos and threes, running through their parts at some disengaged piano. As regards the rest of the service, it was immensely gratifying, too, to chance upon one not entirely given over to Jackson in F and the modern successors of that great work; and I trust Mr. Terry will see his way to including not only more of Palestrina, but a

lacking in good sustaining foundation work, and a singular exception to the rule that at St. John's School everything is of the best. In all humility, but with due firmness, I suggest to the headmaster and his committee that the present instrument should be presented to some deserving workhouse, and replaced by a fine one, worthy of the reputation of the school. While sauntering about the buildings after chapel time I was able to see how extensive the premises will be when building operations are completed. Two blocks of buildings have been added at the back, and these, with the Main Building, form the two sides of a large quadrangle. Two similar blocks are to be added opposite to the first, while the fourth side will be entirely filled by a new dining hall to seat 500. The at present unfinished cloisters will be continued round all four sides, and will add much to the



From a Photograph by F. PARRETT, Leatherhead.] THE CHOIR.

I chose Whitsunday afternoon for my visit, and rejoiced greatly on finding that Steggall's somewhat racketty anthem, "God came from Teman,"—which was down on the service list—had been sung in the morning, and a quiet Palestrina composition substituted for it. This anthem was sung without accompaniment, and with that precision of attack, careful phrasing, and due regard to the varying degrees of light and shade which at once tell the experienced critic that there has been sound and careful training. The pitch was sustained throughout, and the general effect was wholly admirable. The weakest point in the choir, however, was the tenors and basses, and for this no one is responsible save Dame Nature, who causes boys' voices to break at such an inconvenient age. If she could only contrive to manage the breakage at, say, fourteen years, then Mr. Ratty would without doubt have a truly excellent choir, as there are plenty of youths under fourteen who could be drawn upon for trebles, and plenty of musical enthusiasts over fourteen whose voices would have a chance of reaching something more like maturity before the time came for their leaving school. As it is, however, they make up in accuracy what they lack in tone. I was told that at least half of their number could be trusted to read any church

good deal of our own Bryde, Purcell, and the Dutchman Sweelinck, in the musical library of the school. Stanford's B♭ service is not by any means to be classed amongst the modern successors of Jackson in F. It is as far above the coarse confectionery of Dr. Vincent as it is beneath the masterworks of Mozart and Bach; and it is good stuff to use when Mozart and Bach happen to be out of the question. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* from it were sung with due force and expression on this occasion, and were effective and appropriate. The hymns, however, were utterly spoiled by the dragging of the boys who are not in the choir. Of course you will say that Mr. Terry should have turned on more organ and brought the boys on, and to tell the truth, I wondered why on earth he didn't do it. But when the service was over I went round and tried the organ, and quickly found out that he didn't do it because he couldn't do it: the organ won't allow him. That is to say, the organ did not prevent him turning it full on, but it could and did prevent him pulling the boys along, for the full organ has no more power than the swell of many a less ambitious instrument. In fact, it is absolutely the worst instrument of its size that it has been my fate to come across; it is blatantly noisy and coarse, and yet entirely

general effect. I had not time to inspect the gymnasium, where preparations are in progress for the forthcoming performance of Aristophanes *Frogs* (with Parry's music). I give, however, a snap-shot illustration of an undress rehearsal on the unfinished stage there, taken within a few days of my visit.

The music-room, where many choir practices are also held, is situated at the top of infinite stairs, at the end of infinite passages. I suppose that in the end the boys learn to find their way there straight, but certainly it would not surprise me to hear of some of the smaller youngsters being occasionally missing for a week or two. I lost my road seventeen times. I ended by wishing all sorts of things: amongst them, that a railway would be laid for visitors. There is not much to see when one does get there, for the room is intended for hard work rather than for show. But a piano, a harmonium, numerous other instruments, and music desks, are there, and the music library. This is not too formidable as yet, but the services are of the best modern type—Stanford, Stainer, Smart, Parry, Goss, Cobb, Tours, Dykes, and so on. There are 150 anthems, or thereabout, but a large number—relics of the old *Musical Times* and *Singing Class Circular* days—have dropped into desuetude. At the

unaccompanied services Palestrina, Tye, Gibbons, and others of the old school are the rule.

Such work as this is not done without a great deal of very hard labour, and it is satisfactory to know that the boys enter enthusiastically upon it. As I have already said (once or twice), the school is so large that four chapels are held daily—morning and evening for junior boys, and morning and evening for senior boys; and that arrangement necessitates two choirs. The senior choir has four full practices a week (one hour on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, one hour on Sunday morning, and half an hour on Sunday evenings); and besides these full practices the trebles have half an hour on each of the other four days of the week. The junior choir has three practices a week; but as Mr. Terry has in one of the boys, Young, a devoted assistant, who will doubtless become an excel-

every one is so keenly anxious to learn music that the uninitiated might wonder why in the result they learn so little. The explanation is that they take music, where they are not compelled to learn anything, merely to avoid other subjects, where they are compelled to learn a good deal, or offer some very good reason for failure to learn. At Leatherhead the boys do not take up music at all unless they like it well enough to sacrifice a proportion of their leisure time for it; that is a pretty fair test. All music pupils practise half an hour per day. The piano and organ boys have two twenty-minute lessons per week, and the stringed instruments one. A few boys take up harmony and counterpoint, and one of them headed the honour list in this subject at the last Cambridge local examination, i.e. he beat the boys from all the other schools in the country who entered.

days." These are given in the hall, and consist of selections given by all the musical boys in the school. The keenness of the tenors and basses has been already mentioned, hence male voice part-singing is the best feature of these entertainments.

The Late Ferdinand Helmholz.

HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND HELMHOLTZ was born at Potsdam on August 31, 1821, and died on September 8 last, in the beginning of his seventy-fourth year. He was an all-round scientific man. His "Nerves of the Inverte-



From a Photograph by F. PARRETT, Leatherhead.
AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL OF "THE FROGS" ("Iask" & "Iaxx").

lent musician, these junior practices are taken off his load. And it is fair to say that under Young the smaller youths make astonishing headway. His benevolent manner towards younger boys has earned him the genial title of "Father," shortened by irreverent youngsters into "Pa." Virtue, we all know, is its own reward; but, even at Leatherhead, choir singing is scarcely regarded as altogether a virtue yet, and therefore the singers get their reward in the shape of three extra half-holidays every term, and a whole day excursion once a year. In concluding this part of my article, I should say that Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* (for treble and alto voices, stringed orchestra and organ) is in rehearsal, and will be given later on in the term.

MUSICAL "ACCOMPLISHMENTS."

I have left over the band, which is occasionally called into requisition in the chapel, until I have spoken of the attention which is given to music as an "accomplishment." A number of boys study the piano and other instruments; and most astutely a scheme has been devised by which none take up music in this way unless they really love it. The custom in some places is for music lessons to be given in school hours; but at St. John's School they are given only during play hours. Under the former plan

SCHOOL SINGING.

There are no "House singing" competitions yet, though I hope to hear shortly of their being established. At present the general school singing is confined to the one hour and a quarter which the two lowest forms receive every Saturday morning. In this way the boys of greatest promise are discovered as soon as they come to the school. Half the time is given to theory, and the other half to singing. Mr. Terry, I understand, uses Bridge's "Musical Gestures" for the former, and finds them most useful.

CONCERTS.

At last we come to the band, which is more required for concerts than for chapel, though, as I have mentioned, it sometimes is used there too. At present it is small. It consists of nine boys and two masters who play the violin, of one viola and one 'cello, and of one double bass—in all fourteen. The boys receive individual tuition from Mr. Hailes, but the full rehearsals are taken by Mr. Terry. The duties of the band consist of playing in such works given in the chapel as possess orchestral accompaniments, and doing lighter music at the fortnightly concerts, which take place in the Michaelmas term, and such portions of the Lent term as are not taken up by the actual "forty

brata" was published so far back as 1842. Five years later he issued a work on the "Conservation of Force"; while "Heat as a Mode of Motion" appeared in 1886. He sent out smaller pamphlets to the number of over one hundred on less important scientific matters. But the fact that brought him into contact with the artistic world, and ultimately made his name known to hundreds of thousands of musical people, was his intense love for music. This showed itself directly in his admiration of the great composers, and especially Wagner, who was his personal friend. It was shown indirectly by the study he made of the physical side of musical phenomena. The results of this study were made known to the world in "The Sensations of Tone," a work that has been translated into many languages and is known everywhere. That his labours are of any immediate use to musicians cannot be claimed; but they are of great importance as to an extent explaining many truths with which the composers were intuitively acquainted and on which they acted, but which could not be grasped or recognised by the long-eared theorists until Helmholtz came into the field.




Art and Artists.


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THE MAKING OF AN R.A.

PERHAPS no name among English picture-painters is better known than that of T. S. Cooper. Whether it be met with applause or ill-feeling, it is known as that of a most popular and long-lived cattle painter. Most of us have judged the man by his pictures. But he gave us another means of knowing him in that Autobiography which he published in 1890. Much of a resentful nature has been uttered against that work, and yet, if T. S. Cooper was to be limned completely, that literary self-picture was needed. It is diffuse, full of "chestnut" anecdotes, teems with superfluities—biographical, critical, historical; but whoever reads it through, having already seen much of the writer's art work, cannot fail to know the painter's character as well as character can be known. To give still forcible assurance of the man, a reproduction of his latest portrait, by that well-known photographic artist, H. S. Mendelssohn (who, by the way, is a near neighbour of the painter), is presented with this issue of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. This is the presentment of a man who arrived out of the inane on to this planet in the year 1803, and who almost ever since has been making and confirming himself a painter of sheep and kine. As he tried to do so, fortune led him errant through many a phase of adventure, from the time he was stocked with paper and lead instead of slate and "calm," by a stranger he afterwards knew as Cattermole, until he was ushered into the arms of the Old Lady of Burlington House as full-fledged R.A., at the mature age of 64 years, by a substantial majority of Academicians and Associates—the latter privileged, on this occasion, with the vote for the first time in history. He may be said to have cut his artistic teeth on the scanty crusts of livelihood available in a brief connection with a company of actors, who wooed fortune rather unsuccessfully in a sylvan semi-seclusion near Hastings, at which place generous Edmund Kean and another well-known player drew for one night a big audience by their acting, thus staving off, for a few days, the imminent bankruptcy that soon after fell and exploded the company for good and all. While here, Cooper acted as scene-painter, and, once only, tried acting. The result was not encouraging. The painter fairly entered on art as a profession by starting off on travels from Calais or Boulogne, at the age of twenty, when, by doing portraits at between four and five shillings each, he and a companion lived along the northern end of France and the south of Belgium until he was enabled to quite establish himself as a teacher of art in Brussels. Here he found a wife and set up a home, which was rudely broken up by the revolutionary outbreak of 1830. Being absent on an important commission at the Hague, Cooper heard of the uproar of blood and iron in Brussels, and hastened anxiously thither, only to find his efforts to enter the town fruitless. Luckily, Mrs. Cooper and he met "promiscuous," as it were, she having escaped from the slackly invested town. Straightway the family moved across the silver streak to London, where the artist found various ways of earning a decent income. Those who rummage among sixpenny batches of prints in second-hand dealers' shops will see frequent mementoes of his labours at that time, as they turn up lithographs bearing T. S. Cooper's name. He lithographed for Ackerman, and drew diligently from cattle in Regent's

Park, and gradually began to be known as a painter of live stock. He apparently prospered steadily and always. His paintings seem to have gained, and kept, the affection of all ranks of the English for a very long time. Vernon bought pictures of his and spoke well of him, and that, then, meant fame. His autobiography pictures stage by stage the grave, unfaltering progress of the writer from poverty to riches. He is made A.R.A., and so remains with no stoppage or acceleration of his rise on that account. He can, at last, buy land and build houses, and, in fact, has made his fortune when, at the age of 64 years, the old dame of Burlington House gave her contribution of encouragement by saying to him—"Son, step up here, and become R.A. complete. Receive now the reward of thy fifty years' struggle; come, sit by thy thirty-nine brethren in the bliss of academic privilege and dignity." Mr. Cooper assented, and with admirable generosity means to maintain, so far as he can, the number of Royal Academicians within the limit of forty. He continued to gain wealth and repute after this. He mingled with men of high standing and ability. He knew some leaders in art, literature, and connoisseurship, and it is to be regretted that he has given us so little of what they said—how they looked and bore themselves. He amassed sufficient to be able to give the students of his native Canterbury a School of Art. He often has taught in it himself, and this reminds one of a grievous defect his book exhibits in common with every life of a painter that ever was written—that is, the absolute silence one and all maintain as to the most vital element in art of every kind, that of technique. Reams of picture description; volumes about durability, morality, poetry in pictures; expatiation on their size, their tone, and so forth; page on page about their painter's digestion or indigestion, happiness, misery, marriage, travels, amusements—all very well in its way, but no word about the gropings after a right way of painting; no hint of the order of progress from ignorance to knowledge in the one quality that differentiates art from art—craftsmanship. It would seem as if the attainment of that skill in carrying out mechanically a beautiful conception were hugged jealously away from every outsider's eye, like a mere masonic secret. It is this conspiracy of silence that has caused the gradual decadence of technical power such as that of the reputable masters, who seem to have practised oil painting on some broadly similar methods up till the time of Hayman and Gainsborough, in England. Here and there, in odd corners of the country, these methods lingered in a vague way, though pitifully inadequate compared with their earlier use; but now the exigencies of open-air painting seem to have induced entire reliance on a practice more allied to body colour water colouring than the mode in oil followed by the Venetian and allied schools. That this decadence of workmanship was felt by more than one whose opinion was weighty, those who know Hogarth's essay and Ruskin's treatises are well aware. And now that that school of landscapists who had representatives all over Great Britain until quite lately, and who had a manner of the same kind as that of men like George Cole, Vincent, and like Creswick in his earlier time, is apparently extinct, at least in London, it seems as if the painters had best try back again and see if they cannot pick up some thread of the safe and beautiful lost practice of earlier men. The

relevance of these remarks will be seen when I say that there is strong evidence that the prevailing habit of overloading canvas has lasted long enough, for on all sides work in such manner is swiftly following that of Turner into oblivion. Pictures that almost dazzled us a few years ago while their oil and impasto were still damp, are now taking on a worse than funereal aspect; while work like Mr. Cooper's, that appeared at first anything but sensational in its technique, retains what excellence it possessed, and is in certain instances better in tone than before. And, as we all know, his work has never pretended to the heroic impasto that still goes on in most English studios, but has been reproached as far too thin. The plain common sense that dominates his work is nowhere more striking than in his gift of an Art School to Canterbury. Warned by the devastation wrought by legal heartlessness and stupidity in Turner's plans for immortality, Mr. Cooper, who is an orthodox Christian, has the felicity to contemplate the beginning of his immortality even in this life, while having in addition the promise of that spiritual kind which is to come. He undertook the carrying out of his scheme of benevolence instead of leaving it to fatten the unblushing knavery of British lawyers. All reputations suffer change more or less; and though novelties and different ways of expression have seemed to overcrowd Mr. Cooper's for a while, yet it is safe to say no coming retrospect of Victorian art can leave him out. His works, as I have said, are dominated by common sense, not exclusive of a certain tenderness of pastoral feeling, that appeals widely to the average Briton. But if they exhibit no profundity, they are never trivial. His cows and sheep browse or wander in many phases of English scenery and weather. The meadows are sunny and green; the pools that reflect the cattle are pure and bright. English sun mellows the air that envelops dank-rooted willow or blush hedgerow. Even his broad divisions of storm, against which fur or fleece rise in light, are felt as passing vapours that only enhance the relish for fine weather and sunlight. These appeal to such instincts as centuries have bred in us amid our rolling pastures and cosy farmsteads, and breezy, fast-vanishing commons and greens. The poses of his animals are true, and please by their truth, and also by their tacit carrying on of the Paul Potter and general Dutch traditions and conventions from over seas. There is little of that human emotion so strongly featured in the work of some of his contemporaries. His is the plain farmer's pleasure in the beauty of his own kine and country; in their wholesome looks and harmlessness, and in the consequent inwardly felt suggestions that such qualities mean peace and quiet and plenty. His beesves have nought around them to symbolize the fatal end of their maturity. His muttons are perennial as the grass they nibble. They all live in an Arcadia of fertility, pure air, and silence wherein the butcher's voice is unknown. It is wonderful that he should have painted so long and so popularly. May he continue doing so still, well into his second century.

The R.A. have that same reverberation from earlier years which have characterized them more and more for some time back. But the level of skill—neither high nor low—is so very apparent at the merest glance this season, that a person who can see good art elsewhere, might be excused if he turned his back on all these vapid framefuls of paint, and fled to Christie's (if it were a picture day there) or the National Gallery, or Dowdeswell's, Agnew's, or even the Pall Mall Watercolourists. Yet there are good paintings—a few—in those fourteen or fifteen rooms. It is wonderful—it has ceased to be

appalling from its familiarity—that far and away the finest works are by men who are hung year by year, but yet are passed over at elections, in favour of strenuous, strong-willed, insipidity, or crudity, and general incapacity. Looking round in no careless or supercilious mood, one comes to the conclusion that one main reason for the dulness of these annual art-spreads at Burlington House is the lack of power to use such conventions of utterance as are perennially essential in Art as in Literature. The exceptions to this lack are mostly found among the landscapists. J. R. Reid, Aumonier, and Mark Fisher, among outsiders, and David Murray among Academicians, seem as if—the former, at least—they had the true afflatus which gave such spontaneous beauty to the work of earlier Englishmen.

Leader seems to strive after that simplicity of mass that was theirs, but a restless reticulation, demanded by the British philistine as detail, gives pettiness where there should be breadth. Claude Hayes'—307—*Change of Pasture* has a broader and truer aspect than one usually sees among Academy landscapes. 330—*The Old Showman*, by J. R. Reid,—is worth the shilling fee in itself to see. 369—*Summer-time*, by D. Murray, R.A.,—is good enough in its landscape to make one wish the painter would try to learn from Cox or even Dewint how to paint a landscape figure. 450—*Snow*, by Farquharson,—is so feelingly and freely set forth, that one is half in love even with the chilly subject. Mr. North, A., has put a ladylike intensity into "Fruition," 485; as if it had been thought out and painted by a member of some Preraphaelite Sisterhood. 565—*A Hampshire Common*, by Hugh Wilkinson,—has that air of truth and fancy blended which makes one hope that after all an art of modesty and strength may survive the reign of crudity—the quest of the odd and ugly. As a matter of course, being what it is, and the author of it not being an Academician, it has a lofty perch. Ernest Waterlow's "Watermill," 595, is well worth looking at; and further on some small pictures in Gallery IX. are so clever and full of feeling, yet so quietly artistic, that one wonders how on earth the hanging committee did not revolt at them and reject them. By the way, it is the small pictures, in the odd corners, and glared down by the obstreperous larger ones, that redeem many of our exhibitions from mortal weariness. 664, by Chas. I'Anson; 666, by Annette Elias; 667, by José Weiss, are among these small redeems; but there are more to be found near them. 776, by Dendy Sadler, is a master-work expressive completely of nineteenth century imaginings about the quaintnesses, purity, and tasteful gentilities of the eighteenth. It is perhaps the most accomplished figure and interior subject in the whole show, and there are no capital letters after the painter's name in the catalogue. D. Murray is an R.A., and therefore it is astonishing to find him to be the painter of Thistledown—787. J. R. Reid's *Blind Fiddler*—852—will yet be reckoned among the great pictures of England; needless to say there are no appended capitals to his name. Is his home not handy for Academician dining or luncheon parties? But, as T. S. Cooper tells us, even hospitality is apt to fail in forcing a man into the Burlington forty. In spite of profuse hospitality, his ungrateful brethren that were to be did not give him their hands till he neared seventy years. There is a sprinkling of good water-colours and milk and water miniatures that do not call loudly for attention.



An American Singer in Italy.

IT is with no intention of being snobbish that I say the name of Mr. Francis Walker is quite unknown to me. He is, he himself tells us, a singer, and he went to Italy, "the land of song," the land of nightingales too, only they eat them (says Maarten Maartens), to learn how to place his voice and other little details of that sort. While he was there he wrote letters to his sister, telling her his various experiences, and now he has published those letters in book form for the delectation of us all, and particularly for the instruction of those who think of following him into Italy, and for the same purpose. The book is an interesting one, though, to be truthful as truthful James, it fairly staggers one (at first) to come across a man who inflicts this kind of thing on—of all people—his sister :

"But at least Rome has one veritable queen of song living there in tranquil and elegant retirement, after a reign whose glories are vividly remembered. She is now known as the Countess Gigliucci, but many would not recognise by that title the great English singer, Clara Novello. She doubtless was the most splendid exponent of the soprano solos in the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, and other oratorios, that the British public have ever heard, and perhaps no singer will ever again, with such power as she did, pour into the very souls of a listening multitude the sublime and thrilling ecstasy of 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

Now I call this barefaced nonsense, meaningless gush expressive of a rapture Mr. Walker never felt, for the simple reason that he never heard the singer; and think of him sending it boldly to his sister instead of to the *Eatenswill Gazette*, and finally publishing it! This characteristic American love of windy strings of phrases that signify nothing to a large extent spoils the whole book; and I could quote page on page of the most delightful rubbish about the stars, the budding trees, the little birds, and so on; delightful, I say, but rubbish, and excessively boring to the reader. But when these are lopped away, a most interesting remnant is left. Mr. Walker has a seeing eye, as Carlyle would say, and when he resists the tendency to gush he tells what he sees with fluent ease. After all, his main fault is merely a fluency which leads him to utter things that other people leave unsaid because they cannot find words to utter them.

Mr. Walker begins with a letter from Florence, dated December 30, the last day but one (unless my chronology is all wrong) of the year, but of what year Mr. Walker declines to tell us. He describes his awakening in the early morning and hearing the peasants singing as they go to their work. He presumably got up, for presently he is singing some little ballads to try his voice, and later in the day he goes to the opera.

"For one franc I had an excellent seat in the parquette of the Teatro Politeama and settled myself comfortably there to hear *L'Africain*. How different from our opera-houses was the theatre! At first it seemed bare and poor, but soon I began to realize how we, with our ever-increasing passion for luxury and show, offer up art as a sacrifice upon the altar of that unworthy appetite. We must have all the floors of our theatres richly carpeted, and then covered again by rows of upholstered chairs, so that the whole area is one great cushion ready to absorb and smother sound. Heavy draperies must be hung in every possible place—before the stage, in the boxes, and

in every doorway—and so far from being satisfied with that, we must, forsooth, carry rich festoons of velvet or satin over the fronts of galleries and boxes. And the inevitable consequence is, that not for one instance in a long evening's work is any singer heard with that ultimate, far-reaching brilliancy of *timbre* which convinces the ear and captivates the soul. The fine quality of individuality, which for lack of a better term we call 'magnetism,' is quite lost. The fact is, we keep our singers working under hopeless conditions, struggling against an arbitrary material environment, which destroys at its birth much artistic effect. Padding and cushions everywhere, instead of clear space and firm surfaces to develop and reflect sound and inspire the singer. Everything to hinder and nothing to help. The voice, to be at its best, needs space in which to travel forth and expand in freedom, else the soul of the singer cannot expand, feed upon itself, and create an empyrean in which it can fuse into one the voice and itself. I am told that all Italian theatres have, to Americans, the meagre look of which I spoke, and that fact affords me some new lights."

This is a fair specimen of Mr. Walker's style. The sense is excellent, and well it is that it is so, for such sound as he insists upon giving us would be intolerable without sense. Mr. Walker was struck at Florence with the fact that the audience chatted right through the performance, save at particular places where there was a hush and all listened attentively to some beloved phrase or song, or watched some acrobatic feat; and this is characteristic, surely, of the Italians, and explains why Italian opera is the silliest form of art ever invented, and why the Italians tolerate it. To them an opera is a series of songs. But Mr. Walker had more serious business in Italy than merely to notice the peculiarities of native audiences: he had to find a teacher who would form and "place" his voice for him. He is very severe on theoretical teachers: scientific men who work out a plan on paper and then try it on some unfortunate student's voice.

"The shoal," he says, "of self-styled 'Voice Builders' in our country do an incalculable mischief to art. The people who talk and write volubly of their theories and experiments, and who invent machines to teach singing with, are, more or less consciously, humbugs. There is no royal road for the student of singing—no 'short cut'—and the sooner we realize that the older methods are still the best, the sooner we shall begin to form true artists."

Before finding a teacher, however, he needed rooms to live in, and his experience in this matter will doubtless prove useful to many another student. With the help of a friend he soon found what he wanted.

"Great, gaunt, cavernous rooms they are, but well furnished in rather ugly modern Italian fashion, with the regulation tables, sofas, and chairs set in stiff order upon the floors of shining Venetian mosaic. The ceilings are high and deeply vaulted, and as little of the winter sunshine enters my south windows because of the lofty buildings opposite, it is not always easy to keep comfortably warm.

My rent is fifty francs a month, and my *padrone*, a professional cook, furnishes my modest meals at a charge which I have already discovered to be quite high, although it would seem almost absurdly cheap in an American city. I have also found that the mistakes of foreigners here lie chiefly in paying foreigners' prices, and in not taking into account that, while the main items of living expenses are comparatively small, every little extra supply and service must be paid for, so that it is difficult to keep the total down to a reasonable figure. By foreigners' prices I mean that all things to be bought or hired are bargained for, and as soon as a *forestiere* is recognised, most dealers ask him a price about double that which an Italian would give. But it is always done good-naturedly"

Then he went after a teacher, trying first a Signor O—, who was said to be "a great

master of vocal style, and just the man with whom to get up an operatic repertoire." Signor O— came and gave him his first lesson, making Mr. Walker sing Beethoven's *In questa tomba*. Signor O— said that he sang well.

He added that my need was more variety of tone-colour. In singing he would not, he said, advise me to open the mouth as widely as has been my habit. After I had sung some scales and *arpeggi*, he said he would bring me some *solfeggi* for the next lesson, and then he wanted more songs, choosing first "*Il balen*," from *Trovatore*. He approved the phrasing I had learned, but stopped me at times to get certain modulations of tone. Once my voice broke slightly upon the vowel *e*, and he immediately set to work to show me how to place the tone more securely by smiling a little, in order to direct the sound farther forward.

After some further account of the lesson, Mr. Walker proceeds to tell us all about ordinary life for the American in Florence.

Buying supplies in the shops and markets is an amusing diversion. My *padrone* furnishes me neither wine, fruit, fuel, nor lights, so I go every morning to the Mercato Vecchio (Old Market), among all the little stalls set dusky, like small caves, into or against the walls of the ancient houses. They glow with the hundred hues of flowers or with the warm tints of the piled-up nuts and fruits. I descend into a grimy cellar and order baskets of pine-cones and wood. Candles are perhaps to be bought, and there are shops exclusively for them. One that I know is an odd sight. The front of it, filled with ranks and rows of candles of all sizes, from a tiny taper up to a huge, painted altar-candle, looks at a distance like an organ with its pipes of varying lengths and sizes.

In the fulness of time the second lesson came, and Signor O— read some Concone studies with Mr. Walker, and gave him a "little Italian song" he had promised to bring. Scales were practised, and so on, and Mr. Walker saw that teacher had an immense capacity for showing him how to make "points" and to suit a rôle to his powers and quality and strength of voice. After giving a full account of this lesson, Mr. Walker offers some general remarks on the voice which are worth transcribing for their wisdom. He says:—

The majority of untrained voices which are high enough to go to the tones above that *F* show some weakness thereabouts, and the common mistake is to attempt to strengthen that weak and uncertain spot from below by using the so-called "opening" process. It means crowding on muscular force in the upward scale, necessarily bearing hard upon the throat and so getting the voice, in the region indicated, very broad, coarse, and totally incapable of modulation. The quick access of power by such treatment is sometimes startling. Too often the student is flattered by it and expects to get similar development of the entire compass, and then afterward acquire smoothness.

Never was there a greater mistake—a more fallacious manner of vocal education. It is all wrong end first and can only result in an uneven scale and an unmanageable voice, with tones of abnormal strength in one or two spots—a voice which drifts farther and farther away from all chance of doing artistic singing. The process, from the very beginning, should be exactly reversed, and the strengthening of the weaker tones effected by working from above downward.

Then illness caught him, and his lessons had to be interrupted for some time. Some poisonous water drawn from an old well in the house appears to have been the cause, and a friend of his took him to live in a different part of the neighbourhood until he was well. Mr. Walker thus describes the friend's house and its locality:—

The Villa Rinaldi is a house across the valley from the famous monastery called La Certosa. From Florence one leaves the Porta Romana and passes southward through the little village of Galluzzo,

crosses the brawling, rattling little Ema—the streamlet which gives its name to the valley,—and then, instead of ascending the bold height upon which stands the picturesque Certosa, one turns abruptly to the left from the bridge, up through a field which slopes to the Ema. The house is built upon a terrace and is of ordinary size. There is a court behind it containing a small, sheltered garden, with lemon-trees in huge earthen pots and a high wall overrun with vines, and into the wall is built a fountain fed from some spring in the higher ground beyond. From the front of the villa the view across the valley is lovely, with the curves of the brook shown by the rank verdure and the yellow-green willows, as well as by glimpses here and there of its rapid current now swollen by recent rains. The village of Galluzzo with its long main street and large, open *piazza*, nestles in sunny coziness between the swells of the hills, and all about are the white and cream-tinted villas, with high-walled gardens, olive-groves, and trellised vineyards.

His voice of course was very weak:—

There is an old grand piano in the *salotto*, but by weakness my voice is reduced to a mere thread. It is hard to endure with patience this break in the routine of study, but perhaps the enforced rest will prove to be the very best thing for my singing. The lessons were going on pretty well, but I never seemed to acquire any increased power of endurance. I could not sing long at a time, and now that all is in retrospect I am sure it is only because the voice was not getting placed so as to stand hard work. I practised the scales and *solfeggi* given me in the earlier lessons, but often in the later ones Signor O— did not call for them, and heard me only in songs and arias instead. I aimed to prepare with voice and fingers for each lesson so as to sing *da memoria* all the work given me to do. Aside from the benefit of exercising one's memory, it is a good thing to be freed from the necessity of looking at notes and words—by doing which one loses the helpful hints and signals a good teacher can always give, even while the pupil is actually singing.

Presently Mr. Walker gets on to the subject of how to learn the Italian tongue quickest and most easily.

You ask how I am getting along with the language. It is such slow work for me because I seem not to possess the knack of picking it up by ear. One of the other students here and myself are having lessons together from a well-known teacher, and of us two I am perhaps the more advanced. We shall probably separate soon, because I really can make rapid work with the grammar and am assured that my pronunciation is good. Believing that in the matter of a pure accent much depends upon the beginnings, I have only lately begun to do much talking. There are plenty of people who say to students: "Now you must begin to speak at once wherever you are—with servants, shop-keepers, everybody." Excuse me! I did not care to learn servants' and shop-keepers' Italian, and would do little in the way of conversing until I could tell pure Tuscan from the Florentine dialect, with its curious throaty scrape in place of the *k* sound.

The sixth letter describes a short visit to the seaside for the sake of the change of air, and a party given by his friend when he returned. Mr. Walker had now come to the conclusion that Signor O—, an excellent teacher in his way, could not teach him what he wanted to know. All the same, he decided to give him another trial; but Signor insisted upon teaching Mr. Walker how to sing scenes and songs instead of "placing" his voice, and in the end the lessons were relinquished. Mr. Walker heard of and went to a Signor Cortesi, who tried him in various ways, and then said:—

Almost everything you do is wrong, and it is impossible to predict now what you will be able to accomplish, but I have a curious feeling that there is something worth working for in your voice, so if you will begin with daily lessons for one month, and will continue them for a second month in case I think it necessary to do so, I will take you.

So lessons were begun, and Signor Cortesi worked with a will at Mr. Walker's voice. At first the tone would not come forth with the true quality—it "would come in the old way—dead in sound, devoid of all resonance. One Friday he said to me: 'Now we can go no farther until that tone is given freely and clearly.' That was enough for me to know. Taking a full breath, I tore out the tone, doing something with it that convinced me that at least it was not impossible to get out of the old groove."

The struggle with the middle *C* was not, let me explain, for the sake of getting an "open" tone thereon, but to wrench myself away from old mannerisms of production—things learned from so-called "scientific" teachers. The particular trouble in this matter was that I had been taught to press the larynx down as far as possible. The result was the dull, veiled middle tones, and no mental sense of directing the voice so as to produce anything firmer and brighter. Pressing the larynx down, forsooth! One might as well attempt to cool this July weather by pushing down the mercury in the thermometer. Larynx, tongue, uvula—all are perhaps in some measure indicators of what is going on, but it is folly to work directly with or upon them in order to place a voice. None of the teachers who muddle over anatomical matters in detail, and thereby create a distressing and hampering consciousness of muscular arrangement, ever turn out an artist—one who makes a really legitimate and successful career.

In spite of difficulties Mr. Walker's voice developed, though that he at this period feared he would afterwards have to fall back upon teaching, is shown by his trying to make himself believe that teaching is not so bad after all. His facts about the cost of living in Italy, and of lessons there, are interesting and useful as ever:—

You may care to know how I live now and what it costs. Perhaps no foreigner can hope to manage here quite as cheaply as an Italian can, but certainly the other American students spend twice the amount it costs me to live in comfort. Most of them pay from fifty to one hundred francs per month for rooms—foreigners' prices! I pay twenty francs. The good Maddalena takes care of my room and is glad to do me any extra service for a slight fee. My breakfasts, which must be simple and slight in order to utilize the morning hours for study, cost me about fifteen francs per month, and I have two good, plain meals per diem at an excellent restaurant. For those I pay by the week—fifteen francs, with a franc every week to the *cameriere* who serves me. For luncheon they give me soup or maccaroni, then meat with vegetables, and then a choice of cheese, pastry, pudding, or fruit—all with abundance of excellent bread and good red wine. Everything is well-cooked and neatly served, and within those stated limits there is always an appetising variety of dishes.

Well, now you have the principal items of my living expenses. To Signor Cortesi I pay one hundred and fifty francs per month for my daily lessons of one hour each. That amount would afford in New York five lessons of equal duration, so saying nothing of the difference in the cost of living, you see one reason why students should come here.

The lessons are very different from the hurdle-races of the Guildhall School here, or, indeed, from any lessons given in England:—

And if it seems like slackness or shirking upon his part, let me say that lessons of one hour each are the custom here, partly because it takes an Italian teacher an hour to give a half-hour lesson. They have none of our terrible impetuosity in work—none of our high-pressure speed in any of their vocations. I have sung in the little studio upstairs almost incessantly for an hour and a half, and at other times we have taken it very easily, stopping several times in the course of an hour to rest or talk. In the busier season doubtless I shall have only the time to which our arrangement entitles me, but just now it is free-and-easy, and I am the gainer by it. Whoever

engages an hour of Signor Cortesi's time may be sure that his voice will in that time be worked as fully as is good for it.

My daily lessons go on steadily, and Signor Cortesi is as patient and unwearied as at the beginning. We are now finishing the second month, and if he consents I shall certainly go on with the same arrangement—daily lessons—for another month. The exercises are not varied much, and the voice has grown much freer and surer and more ringing. My one difficulty is the lack of bodily strength. Without that no one can sustain the work of singing an opera, nor can I, until I get much more power in the muscles that control the breath, hope to gain the use of a steady *mezza voce*. The simpler technical exercises take up most of each lesson, and the balance of the hour is spent entirely upon Rossini music.

After some months of hard work, with occasional recreation and change, Mr. Walker says :—

I have acquired much flexibility, and withal my singing is considerably more free and open. The troubles which remain are—and I hope he will yet set them right—that I have small use of the *mezza voce*, and that the upper tones never seem to come with the ease and spontaneity which should characterize them. He says those matters will come along duly in the course of my work, and with the increase of bodily vigour. More and more clearly what I have been doing makes me realize that the perfect, ideal voice is the outcome and the crown of a healthy body—a beautiful efflorescence, so to speak, and of course none but a healthy plant can produce a perfect flower.

The last sentence reminds us of Wagner's declaration to Uhlig : "But I am resolved first to be in thoroughly sound health, so that I may also write good music." The idea is as old as any in the world; but every generation, and every unit of that generation, learns it only by experience. Apparently, going to church was one of Mr. Walker's recreations, for he tells us that—

The church organs are often very poor and badly played, while there is rarely any good singing. How curious such a state of things is in the land of Palestina, Pergolesi, and di Lasso.

But he had others: lying on the beach at Viareggio, listening to theplash of the wavelets and the soft song of the sweet sea-breezes. To a hard-worked London critic, even Mr. Walker's labours seem recreative in a sort. For instance, how much better than going to dull concerts, and writing dull notices of them, is learning operatic acting as Mr. Walker learnt it :—

Signor Scheggi, the veteran *basso-buffo*, has given me a few lessons in acting. His teaching is a kind of parrotting process for the pupil, but is lucid enough. We first took up the *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which I knew pretty well the rôle of Il Duca. He taught me the successive scenes of the part by the method I have mentioned—giving me each position on the stage, each pose, gesture, and inflection, and then requiring me to imitate him. There is exaggeration in everything he does, but if he can give me freedom in gesture and a certain breadth of style, perhaps it will help me in singing, and when the time comes I can modify what is exuberant.

Other parts followed in rapid succession—Rodolfo in *La Sonnambula*, Silva in *Ernani*, Plunkett in *Marta*, etc.—all taught to me in precisely the same manner. I feel somewhat disappointed in not being taught any general and underlying principles which would help me more in the future and with all rôles; but this is Scheggi's way, and must be so accepted. He is a dear old man, and takes infinite pains with me. Although eighty years old, he still not only acts but sings! That is, he does the rattling, talky parts of the old comic operas. In the *Matrimonio Segreto*, by Simarosa, he is celebrated, and as he is engaged for a short season soon to come on in one of the smaller Florentine theatres, with that opera in the répertoire, I may see and hear him in one of his best parts.

The next quotation is supremely interesting at this period, when most young singers are going madly after making their voices a mere wobbling scream :—

There is a matter of curious experience in study to relate. In the course of a recent lesson, my voice, while upon a sustained note, produced the *vibrato*. The maestro instantly remarked it, and said it could only come with the voice free from all obstruction in the throat, and warned me against yielding to the temptation to use it constantly. He must be right about its appertaining only to a free voice, for it seems to have its direct dependence upon the breath, and is like waves of sound wholly controllable by the muscles that control the breath. I can use it at will anywhere in the entire vocal range, and can increase or diminish the rapidity and volume of the sound-waves. It is easy to feel, when using it, that the breath is made to act upon the vocal cords quite as a violin bow does upon the strings—the *vibrato* answering to the effect of the player's left-hand fingers when set in rhythmical motion to make the throbbing sound-string-players so delight in, and which seems to rescue the tone from lifelessness.

The vocal *vibrato* is quite distinct from the *tremolo*. Indeed, perhaps no singer is less in danger of acquiring the *tremolo* than the one whose voice has once gained the freedom which brings the *vibrato*, because the *tremolo* comes from a quite opposite cause—extreme tension of the muscles of the throat.

The *tremolo* is a vice or a vocal illness, while the *vibrato* is an ornament too often used to excess.

Of course we all know an absolutely smooth tone soon palls upon the listener, and never carries to the remote corners of a large hall; but I wish that many of our younger singers may see fit to take Mr. Walker's remark to heart, and remember that a "tremolo is a vice or vocal illness"—and that (in my opinion) a little too much *vibrato* is the same. But I must get on. It would be unfair to print the whole of Mr. Walker's letters here; but before quoting one or two more let me remark that my excerpts altogether hardly amount to more than half-a-dozen pages out of three hundred, and that the remaining two hundred and ninety-four are quite as well worth reading as the half-dozen I have "lifted." For example, the descriptions of services in various churches, of a Wagner concert, of Italian scenery, of Italian restaurants, with hungry Italians feeding therein—all these things are vividly depicted, in spite of the draughtsman's tendency to overdraw them, to lay on the colour a little too blatantly and splashily. His criticisms of the singers he heard are always excellently set forth, and bear the stamp of accuracy. He is particularly hard on the German singers, and quotes with malicious glee this characteristic bit of German criticism : "Herr — showed himself the great artist he always is, although he sang flat throughout the third act!!" which shows how very dull is the modern German ear. And then comes an equally hard hit at English singers :—

Of London it does not do to tell tales, because no English singer ever really retires. "Farewells" and "last appearances" he or she may have galore, but such is the devotion of the English public to its favourites that they are almost compelled to go on singing until—well, until their voices are but echoes of their past glories. It is a very good arrangement for keeping the artists' exchequer in healthy condition, but it has some exceedingly bad effects upon musical art in general. The much-vaunted "loyalty" of the British public to its old-timers is all very well and has a most comfortable and virtuous sound when the "British matron" quotes it proudly as a national characteristic, but it too often has the effect of doing sad mischief by making people, who cannot judge independently, believe bad is good, black white, and wrong right.

I shall not tell Mr. Walker's story any further, but while advising every one to get his work and to read it, will end with one or two

quotations which serve to show how useful it may be to students, apart from the solid advice and useful information it affords.

Florence, January, 188—.

My study has been very enjoyable this month and progress has been made. We keep at work still upon some Rossini music, and I have had much pleasure and profit in studying the *Semiramide* in company with the Danish soprano of whom I once wrote. It suits her brilliant voice, and we now make the great duet for Semiramide and Assur go very well. The maestro rewrites and expands for us all the cadenzas, and those, as well as the shakes in thirds, we both have ample flexibility for, so the work goes capitally. As music it is not especially interesting, but the use of it makes the voice feel so comfortable and secure in other things. I am sure the value of *agilità* can hardly be overestimated, if only for the command of the breath it affords the singer.

After all, to know how to breathe is almost to know how to sing. Signor Cortesi is as kind and patient as ever in my lessons, and in fact is the same with all his pupils. His methods are the perfection of simplicity and straightforwardness. There is no pretence of mystery in the processes by which he works—no scribbling of cabalistic exercises which are his own secret specifics for vocal ailments. It is simply work and careful criticism over and over, until perception and sensation are so allied that the student demands and obtains from himself right tone production.

And there seems to be no steady, daily progress. I go on in the dark for days—even as long a time as three weeks—without seeing any effect, and then suddenly find myself past a mile-post on the journey, far ahead of where I was when the period of what seemed a perfect standstill began. Other students say they experience the same thing, and after all it is just as with other processes of improvement—physical, mental, or spiritual; one must go on with the daily round, do the hours of treadmill routine, and live upon the faith that no honest effort goes unrewarded in the end. "Nature," Emerson says, "hates calculators; her methods are salutary and impulsive." But in my case the daily labour is not drudgery, for my heart is in it, so there is every blame for me if I wait not patiently for results. No exercise is too simple to be interesting. My only real trouble is that all too soon the limits of my strength are reached. A few minutes of really trying singing—no matter with what ease and freedom the voice is produced—and I begin to have a feeling of exhaustion, and cannot control my breath. At such times, of course, the voice cannot keep its right quality or place, and the greater my gratitude to my good maestro for the patience with which he works for one so hampered and so unsatisfactory.

Lessons go on steadily again, and my indefatigable maestro says the voice is distinctly better for the rest. Its volume and flexibility increase together, as should always be the case. A voice exercised only in cantabile singing is bound to grow larger, and in such development will grow stiff and unwieldy and need constant replacing. Mind, you do your scales every morning, when your strength is at its freshest. Please do not neglect it. I know your industry, and can only fear you may not have time, or may feel the work done too much in the dark. But sing upon full, deep breaths, taken as low in the body as possible, and when any sense of difficulty comes, think of the inward and upward pressure until you get used to knowing what that pressure can do for you. Make it carry your voice upwards in scales, and do not let a collapse of the breathing muscles take place when singing downward. If you do the tones will blur—run off the track, so to speak—and make false intervals. In sustained passages, make the voice "swim" on the breath.

All that you can do by yourself. The really difficult part of the work is to get and keep a consciousness of the right directing of the tone, and even the describing of it is an almost hopeless task—simple as the thing is in itself. The hidden rock upon which most teachers of singing shipwreck is in supposing that "open" and "closed" tones are very differently directed—that the first are sent out with a sensation of going forth on a level, while the others are felt to travel upward and deflect forward on a curve. Here, instead, is what I have learned: In all the range of the voice, in the lower or "open" tones up through the higher, "closed," or "head" tones—whatever you like to call them—the resonance must be felt by the singer in the head, just as if the sound was first directed toward the eyes, and then deflected outwards. The only difference is that the head resonance is felt more and more as the singer goes higher and higher in the scale. "Sing out"—"open the voice"—are directions one constantly hears, and as indicating mere phases of vocal training they are legitimate; but the opening process must be done under careful and intelligent guidance, and without ever losing that important sense of direction.

The Organ World.

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THE organ at St. Mary's, Southampton, has been recently rebuilt and enlarged by Willis & Sons. The specification now stands as follows:—

GREAT.	Ft.	Ft.
Double Diapason	16	Harmonic Flute ... 4
Open Diapason	8	Fifteenth ... 2
Open Diapason	8	Mixture ... 3 ranks
Claribel Flute	8	Posaune ... 8
Principal	4	Clarion ... 4
		(Last two, heavy wind.)

PEDAL.	Ft.	Ft.
Open Diapason	16	Violoncello ... 8
Violone	16	Ophicleide ... 16
Bourdon	16	(Heavy wind.)

SWELL.	Ft.	Ft.
Lieblich Bourdon	16	Vox Humana ... 8
Open Diapason	8	Cornopean ... 8
Lieblich Gedacht	8	Oboe ... 8
Salicional	8	*Contra Posaune ... 16
Vox Angelica	8	*Clarion ... 4
Gemshorn	4	*Wald-flöte ... 4
Flageolet	2	*Full Mixture ... 4 ranks

COMPOSITION PEDALS.		
4 to Great and Pedal.		3 to Swell.
1 Great to Pedal.		

CHOIR.	Ft.	Ft.
Gamba	8	Concert Flute ... 4
Dulciana	8	Piccolo ... 2
Lieblich Gedacht	8	Clarinet ... 8
Claribel Flute	8	

ACCESSORIES.		
Swell to Great (Unison).		Great to Pedal.
Swell to Great (Super).		Choir to Pedal.
Swell to Great (Sup.).		Tremulant to Swell.
Choir to Great.		Manuals, CC to G.
Swell to Pedal.		Pedals, CCC to F.

Lord Burton has recently given a fine instrument to St. Paul's, Burton-on-Trent, and the building has been done by the Hope-Jones Company. The organ takes up no floor space. The Great, Swell, and part of the Pedal organs are placed under the roof of the north chancel aisle; the Solo organ and remainder of Pedal ditto are bracketed out from the wall of the south transept, at a height of about 35ft. The length of cable between the transept organ and console is 140 ft., the console being placed in the chancel. The reservoirs, blowing apparatus, and the Crossley gas engine for operating the same are placed in a vault outside the church. I append the specification:—

PEDAL.	Ft.	Ft.
Tuba Profunda	16	Dulciana ... 8
Violone	16	Bass Flute ... 8
Bourdon	16	Tuba Profunda ... 16
Principal	8	
Solo to Pedal.		
Great to Pedal.		
Swell to Pedal.		
Choir to Pedal.		
Double acting Piston to Great to Pedals.		
Ditto for Solo to Pedal.		

CHOIR.	Ft.	Ft.
Open Diapason	8	Dolce ... 8
Viola di Gamba	8	Flute ... 4
Lieblich Gedacht	8	Corno di Bassetto... 8
Super Octave.		
Great to Choir (second touch).		
Swell to Choir (Unison), double touch.		
Swell to Choir (Super).		
Tremulant.		

GREAT.	Ft.	Ft.
Tibia Plena	8	Principal ... 4
Diapason Phonon	8	Harmonic Flute ... 4
Open Diapason	8	Harmonic Piccolo ... 2
Stopped Diapason	8	Tuba ... 8
Solo to Great (Unison), double touch.		
Solo to Great (Super).		
Solo to Great (Sub).		
Swell to Great (Unison), double touch.		
Swell to Great (Super).		
Choir to Great (Sub).		
Choir to Great (Unison).		
5 Composition Pedals, controlling Great and Pedal Stops and couplers.		

SOLO.—(In separate Swell Box).	Ft.	
Harmonic Flute	4	
Tuba Sonora	8	
Orchestral Oboe	8	
Sub Octave.		
Super Octave.		
Swell Pedal.		

SWELL.	Ft.	Ft.
Tibia Dura	8	Horn ... 8
Horn Diapason	8	Cor Anglais ... 8
Echo Salicional	8	Oboe ... 8
Vox Célestes (ten. C)	8	Harmonic Clarion ... 4
Principal	4	

Sub Octave.	
Super Octave.	
Solo to Swell (second touch).	
Choir to Swell (second touch).	
5 Composition Pedals, controlling Stops and Couplers.	
Swell Pedal.	
Tremulant.	

GENERAL ACCESSORIES.	
Stop Switch (key and pedal).	
Sforzando Pedal.	
Manuals, CC to C.	
Pedal, CCC to F.	

Mr. J. H. England, F.R.C.O., has been giving some interesting recitals at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Bradford. This has naturally drawn some attention to the instrument, which in its way is somewhat unique. It is said to be the only organ in the country (save the one in the Italian Church, Hatton Garden) having a 32ft. "open" on the Great. Several others have a 32ft. Manual Stop, but in each case it is "stopped." Another feature is a fifth keyboard from which the couplers and combinations are worked. The action is tubular pneumatic throughout; Charles Anneessens is the builder.

SOLO.	Ft.	COMBINATIONS.
Orchestral Flute	8	(At choice.)
Violon	8	12 to Solo Stops.
Hohl Flöte	8	12 to Swell.
Orchestral Oboe	8	12 to Great.
Tromba	8	12 to Choir.
		12 to Pedal.

SWELL.	Ft.	COMBINATIONS.
Bourdon	16	(Fixed.)
Stopped Diapason	8	3 to Swell Stops.
Open Diapason	8	3 to Great.
Violon	8	3 to Choir.
Salicional	8	
Vox Célestes	8	
Echo flute	4	
Mélaphone	4	
Twelfth	3	
Piccolo	2	
Piccolo	1	
Mixture	3 ranks	
Contra Fagotto	16	
Trompette	8	
Bassoon Hautbois	8	
Clarion	4	
Vox humaine	8	

CHOIR.	Ft.	COMBINATIONS.
Lieblich Gedacht	16	(Fixed.)
Rohr Flöte	8	3 to Choir.
Viola	8	
Dulciana	8	
Open Diapason	8	
Gemshorn à Côte	8	
Ocarina	4	
Fugara	4	
Clarinet à Pavillon	8	

GREAT.	Ft.	
Double Open Diap.	32	
Double Diapason	16	
Bourdon	16	
Stopped Diapason	8	
Large Open Diapason	8	
Viola di Gamba	8	
Harmonic Flute	8	
Principal	4	
Flute Octaviant	4	
Fifteenth	2	
Cornet	2, 3, 4 ranks	
Grave Mixture	4 ranks	
Clarion	4	
Trompette	8	
Bombarde	16	

A Past Generation world have lately passed away—Mr. B. St. J. B. Joule, late organist of St. Peter's, Manchester, at the age of sixty-eight; he was best known by his collections of Church music which have been widely used; Miss Eliza Wesley, sister of famous "Samuel Sebastian" and for forty years organist at St. Margaret Pattens, Rood Lane; and lastly one who, if not greatly distinguished as a performer, has yet written largely on musical sub-

jects, including lives of Handel and Mozart. He earned the gratitude of the moderate performer by his voluminous arrangements of Volkmar, Rink, and others of the "solid" school. The country organist's répertoire is seldom without one or more of "Whittingham's arrangements."

Where is it? A country correspondent of mine is in a difficulty; he wants to communicate with some organ building firms respecting an instrument. He reads the musical papers diligently and consequently is able to find the addresses of the firms who advertise therein. But when he wishes to write to the larger builders also, he cannot, for the very simple reason that he knows not their whereabouts. He finds in the musical and trade papers numberless references to Willis, likewise Walker, and Hill, but never an advertisement of theirs, or an indication of their address. He trembles for the fate of a letter addressed "Hill & Sons, the organ people, not the violin ones, London," while a similar missive sent to "Walker, London," would, he is sure, be more likely to find its way to Toole's Theatre than to the required organ factory. There is certainly a good deal in what he says. Country vicars and organists—and for the matter of that even town churchfolk, and others unconnected with the trade—often find it troublesome enough to obtain the exact addresses of organ building firms whose names are household words. It seems to me that the trouble might be almost entirely avoided if builders would add their full address to the name plate which is always affixed to their instruments.

Music in Exeter.

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THE most interesting event of late has been the production by the Oratorio Society, for the first time in Exeter, of Sir A. Sullivan's *Golden Legend*. Special preparation had been, of course, made for the event. Both orchestra and chorus were augmented to 200 performers, and there were numerous rehearsals. The soloists were Mdme. Medora Henson (sop.), Miss Marie Hooton (con.), Mr. Edward Branscombe (tenor), and Mr. Daniel Price (bass). The performance was undoubtedly the best which the Society has yet given. Of course it was not without the little weaknesses inseparable from the first production of a work—and a work, too, of so much orchestral difficulty—such, for instance, as an occasional hesitancy in attack, and now and then a slowness in taking up parts; but on the whole all were fairly responsive to the *bâton* of the able conductor (Mr. G. W. Lyon), and, as has been said, the Society may fairly congratulate itself upon the performance. The band, which had been strengthened by some of the best musicians in the county, was perhaps a little too powerful for the vocalists, but they acquitted themselves admirably, led by Mr. J. Pardew (Plymouth) and Mr. Barré Barly. In anticipation of the event a very interesting story of the "Legend" had been published by Mr. Joseph White, the choirmaster of the Society. Mdme. Henson, who had had special training in her part at the hands of Sir Arthur Sullivan, was an especial favourite. Previous to the *Golden Legend*, the orchestra gave an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. At each performance (afternoon and evening) there was a large attendance. In the evening Miss Minnie Chamberlain took the place of Miss Hooton.

The first of our bands to commence the season in the public parks was the excellent band of the Post Office, who gave a capital performance on Northernhay to a large crowd. Later in the month the 1st R.V. and Exeter Public Band drew a large attendance to the same grounds, the performance being much enjoyed, and occasionally encored. It is to be regretted that this band's deficit of last year has been increased. Music-loving citizens are invited to ease the minds of the band of anxiety in the matter, or probably the supply of music will be shortened. By the way, the first-named band—the Post Office—has

since given a concert in aid of its funds, an interesting feature in the programme, at which was the rendering, by some hundred children's voices, of a vocal waltz. The effort was a success, and the concert resulted in a welcome addition to the Band's funds.

The Orchestral Society have given another of those charming concerts of theirs, which are among the most pleasant *réunions* of the season. There was a full audience. The programme was a more ambitious one than usual, and included the performance by Dr. Edwards (Barnstaple), with orchestra, of Greig's Concerto, Op. 16. This was one of the gems of the evening. The entire performance was another example of the excellent work of which this Society is capable. Mr. R. B. Moore, as usual, conducted.

An enjoyable concert was given by Mr. F. Meredith, a well-known local teacher of the violin and singing, who was assisted by Mr. Norman Kendall, of the Cathedral Choir, and by several amateurs and pupils. Miss Meredith, who made her public *début* as a vocalist, made a good impression, being very favourably received. Mr. Kendall was in fine voice, and was warmly encor-

We have had visits from two minstrel troupes within a few days of each other. The Livermore Court Minstrels did good business at the Victoria Hall; while in the last week of the season at the Theatre Royal there was a strange departure, the drama giving place to the Bohee troupe of minstrels, who for a week drew large and delighted houses.

The Band of the Scots Guards visited this city recently, and gave two concerts in Northernhay Pleasure Grounds. There were large attendances. The concerts were given under the auspices of the Oratorio Society.

W. C.

The Academies.

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LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

NOTWITHSTANDING the alternately tropical and frigid weather, the students of this institution managed to cover themselves and their professors with glory at the annual orchestral concert given in St. James's Hall on May 23—just too late for mention in our last issue. Mr. Pollitzer had the band at the tip of his baton (so to speak) as usual, and they played with combined freedom and continuity to an extent that is rarely achieved by students. I have nothing but the very highest praise for the exceptionally fine rendering of the slow movement and finale from Beethoven's fifth symphony; and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture went wonderfully, reckoning the immense difficulties it presents to young players. Sometimes the accompaniments were a trifle heavy in the songs, but on the whole Mr. Pollitzer managed to keep them well under. Miss Calkin got through Bellini's "Qui la voce" (from *Puritani*) with ease and grace; Mr. Charles Loder did well in "Woo thou thy snowflake," from *Ivanhoe*; Miss Alice Sinclair's version of the "Softly sighs" scene from *Der Freischütz* was marked by cultivated taste; and Mr. Walter George and Miss Elsie Goddard both provided, in the language of the suburban reporter, some agreeable vocalism. So much for the vocalists; as for the pianists, the best of the afternoon was undoubtedly Miss Kate Bruckshaw, who gave a very fine rendering indeed of Rubinstein's D minor concerto (first movement); and Harold Samuel, a young gentleman with that convenient thing, "a future" before him, played with singular clearness and force in the first movement of Beethoven's concerto in C minor. Mr. Samuel evidently forgot it was a concerto and not an unaccompanied solo he was about to play, for when he came on he proceeded to prelude in the usual manner, and the abrupt way in which Mr. Pollitzer terminated his little "preliminary canter" seemed to amuse every one in the hall save the two principal actors. Miss Stella Fraser played the

violin with unusual beauty of tone, accuracy of intonation, and delicacy of phrasing, in a concerto by Saint-Saëns, and later on Miss A. M. Liebmann distinguished herself in Wieniawski's *Legende* and *Polonoise* in D. I find I have forgotten to mention Mr. Gilbert Denis's musicianly singing of a Verdi song; but really there were so many things, and so many of them excellent, that I may be pardoned if I have treated any one unfairly.

The students of the Academy also gave a Matinée Muscale on Monday afternoon, June 17. The Matinée commenced with Mozart's Sonata for piano and violin, given by Miss Fanny Jacobs and Miss Daisy Hawes. The vocalists were Miss Lilian Brown, who sang "My Dearest Heart" (Sullivan); while Miss Margaret Duffus gave Meyerbeer's "Figlio Mio"; Miss Alice Sinclair, "Porgi Amor," by Mozart; Miss Janet McLaren, Bemberg's "Les Soupirs"; Miss Beatrice Batchelor, Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair"; and Miss Helen Ambrose sang "The Morning Prayer," from Costa's *Eli*. Miss Edith Arard, Miss Emily Gearing, Miss Jessie Peake, Miss Alice Maud Scott gave various solos, and Miss Rose Kindred played Miss Chaminaud's "Autumn." The violinists were Miss Ethel Beetlestone, Maurice Alexander, and Charles Bertram Jones. Considering the age of the performers, also the fact that many had not played in public before, the concert was in every way gratifying.

At the Music Trade's Exhibition held at the Agricultural Hall from June 13 to June 24, Miss A. M. Liebmann, a student of this Academy, obtained the Gold Medal, which will be presented to her shortly by Madame Adelina Patti.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students of R.A.M. gave a chamber concert at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, June 17. The concert opened by the Ensemble Class playing a suite for strings. First came the squeaky tones of the first violin, then the scratchy tones of the second violin, then a most awful wail on the viola, followed by the still more doleful sound of the first 'cello, whilst the second 'cello gave one the impression that its end was very near, but these quaint phenomena were more the result of the composition played than of those who played it. As we have sunshine after rain, so I suppose we must have good music after middling music. It was so in this case. Miss Sadie Kaiser sang Bemberg's "Nymphs and Fauns" in a really excellent manner. This was also followed by a very good rendering of Widor's suite for flute and piano by Mr. Michael Donnawell, and Miss Edith O. Greenhill. Then a quartet by Mr. J. B. McEwen was played, and I left. Mr. Reginald Steggall was recently appointed a Professor of Organ here.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

There is little to be said about the R.C.M. Concerts go on as usual, lessons go on as usual; in fact, everything goes on as usual. And this is what we all expect of the R.C.M.

LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

The students of this institution will give an Organ and Orchestral Concert in Queen's Hall on Wednesday, July 3, at 8 o'clock. The orchestra will be conducted by Dr. G. J. Bennett. Mozart's Overture *Die Zauberflöte*, a Passacaglia by Rheinberger, Stanford's *Canterbury Pilgrims*, and a selection from Rubinstein's *Bal masque* will be played. The organists are Mr. E. M. Drew, Mr. H. Swain, Miss Edroff and Miss A. V. Watson, who will give pieces by Bach, Handel, Widor, and Dubois respectively. Miss Coleman, Miss De Korigin, and Mr. Percy Bright are the vocalists; Mr. Isidore Schmiller, the violinist; and the pianists are Miss Whomes, who will play Weber's Piano Concerto; while Miss Phillips hopes to render Chopin's Scherzo in B_b minor, Miss Lelia Smith a Concerto by Hiller, and Miss Annie Evans Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

This building has been the victim of deep scrutiny of late. Dr. Hans Richter, the Duchess of Wellington, and the Duca del Balzo have inspected it and expressed their high approval. Miss Jessie Huddleston, a student, has been singing for, and is now, I understand, engaged by the Carl Rosa Company.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

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since given a concert in aid of its funds, an interesting feature in the programme, at which was the rendering, by some hundred children's voices, of a vocal waltz. The effort was a success, and the concert resulted in a welcome addition to the Band's funds.

The Orchestral Society have given another of those charming concerts of theirs, which are among the most pleasant *réunions* of the season. There was a full audience. The programme was a more ambitious one than usual, and included the performance by Dr. Edwards (Barnstaple), with orchestra, of Greig's Concerto, Op. 16. This was one of the gems of the evening. The entire performance was another example of the excellent work of which this Society is capable. Mr. R. B. Moore, as usual, conducted.

An enjoyable concert was given by Mr. F. Meredith, a well-known local teacher of the violin and singing, who was assisted by Mr. Norman Kendall, of the Cathedral Choir, and by several amateurs and pupils. Miss Meredith, who made her public *début* as a vocalist, made a good impression, being very favourably received. Mr. Kendall was in fine voice, and was warmly endorsed.

We have had visits from two minstrel troupes within a few days of each other. The Livermore Court Minstrels did good business at the Victoria Hall; while in the last week of the season at the Theatre Royal there was a strange departure, the drama giving place to the Bohee troupe of minstrels, who for a week drew large and delighted houses.

The Band of the Scots Guards visited this city recently, and gave two concerts in Northernhay Pleasure Grounds. There were large attendances. The concerts were given under the auspices of the Oratorio Society.

W. C.

The Academies.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

NOTWITHSTANDING the alternately tropical and frigid weather, the students of this institution managed to cover themselves and their professors with glory at the annual orchestral concert given in St. James's Hall on May 23—just too late for mention in our last issue. Mr. Pollitzer had the band at the tip of his baton (so to speak) as usual, and they played with combined freedom and continuity to an extent that is rarely achieved by students. I have nothing but the very highest praise for the exceptionally fine rendering of the slow movement and finale from Beethoven's fifth symphony; and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture went wonderfully, reckoning the immense difficulties it presents to young players. Sometimes the accompaniments were a trifle heavy in the songs, but on the whole Mr. Pollitzer managed to keep them well under. Miss Calkin got through Bellini's "Qui la voce" (from *Puritani*) with ease and grace; Mr. Charles Loder did well in "Woo thou thy snowflake," from *Ivanhoe*; Miss Alice Sinclair's version of the "Softly sighs" scene from *Der Freischütz* was marked by cultivated taste; and Mr. Walter George and Miss Elsie Goddard both provided, in the language of the suburban reporter, some agreeable vocalism. So much for the vocalists; as for the pianists, the best of the afternoon was undoubtedly Miss Kate Bruckshaw, who gave a very fine rendering indeed of Rubinstein's D minor concerto (first movement); and Harold Samuel, a young gentleman with that convenient thing, "a future" before him, played with singular clearness and force in the first movement of Beethoven's concerto in C minor. Mr. Samuel evidently forgot it was a concerto and not an unaccompanied solo he was about to play, for when he came on he proceeded to prelude in the usual manner, and the abrupt way in which Mr. Pollitzer terminated his little "preliminary canter" seemed to amuse every one in the hall save the two principal actors. Miss Stella Fraser played the

violin with unusual beauty of tone, accuracy of intonation, and delicacy of phrasing, in a concerto by Saint-Saëns, and later on Miss A. M. Liebmann distinguished herself in Wieniawski's *Legende* and *Polo-naise* in D. I find I have forgotten to mention Mr. Gilbert Denis's musicianly singing of a Verdi song; but really there were so many things, and so many of them excellent, that I may be pardoned if I have treated any one unfairly.

The students of the Academy also gave a Matinée Musicales on Monday afternoon, June 17. The Matinée commenced with Mozart's Sonata for piano and violin, given by Miss Fanny Jacobs and Miss Daisy Hawes. The vocalists were Miss Lilian Brown, who sang "My Dearest Heart" (Sullivan); while Miss Margaret Duffus gave Meyerbeer's "Figlio Mio"; Miss Alice Sinclair, "Porgi Amor," by Mozart; Miss Janet McLaren, Bemberg's "Les Soupirs"; Miss Beatrice Batchelor, Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair"; and Miss Helen Ambrose sang "The Morning Prayer," from Costa's *Eli*. Miss Edith Arard, Miss Emily Gearing, Miss Jessie Peake, Miss Alice Maud Scott gave various solos, and Miss Rose Kindred played Miss Chamindale's "Autumn." The violinists were Miss Ethel Beetlestone, Maurice Alexander, and Charles Bertram Jones. Considering the age of the performers, also the fact that many had not played in public before, the concert was in every way gratifying.

At the Music Trade's Exhibition held at the Agricultural Hall from June 13 to June 24, Miss A. M. Liebmann, a student of this Academy, obtained the Gold Medal, which will be presented to her shortly by Madame Adelina Patti.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students of R.A.M. gave a chamber concert at St. James' Hall on Monday afternoon, June 17. The concert opened by the Ensemble Class playing a suite for strings. First came the squeaky tones of the first violin, then the scratchy tones of the second violin, then a most awful wail on the viola, followed by the still more doleful sound of the first 'cello, whilst the second 'cello gave one the impression that its end was very near, but these quaint phenomena were more the result of the composition played than of those who played it. As we have sunshine after rain, so I suppose we must have good music after middling music. It was so in this case. Miss Sadie Kaiser sang Bemberg's "Nymphs and Fauns" in a really excellent manner. This was also followed by a very good rendering of Widor's suite for flute and piano by Mr. Michael Donnawell, and Miss Edith O. Greenhill. Then a quartet by Mr. J. B. McEwen was played, and I left. Mr. Reginald Steggall was recently appointed a Professor of Organ here.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

There is little to be said about the R.C.M. Concerts go on as usual, lessons go on as usual; in fact, everything goes on as usual. And this is what we all expect of the R.C.M.

LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

The students of this institution will give an Organ and Orchestral Concert in Queen's Hall on Wednesday, July 3, at 8 o'clock. The orchestra will be conducted by Dr. G. J. Bennett. Mozart's Overture *Die Zauberflöte*, a Passacaglia by Rheinberger, Stanford's *Canterbury Pilgrims*, and a selection from Rubinstein's *Bal masque* will be played. The organists are Mr. E. M. Drew, Mr. H. Swain, Miss Edroff and Miss A. V. Watson, who will give pieces by Bach, Handel, Widor, and Dubois respectively. Miss Coleman, Miss De Korigin, and Mr. Percy Bright are the vocalists; Mr. Isidore Schmiller, the violinist; and the pianists are Miss Whomes, who will play Weber's Piano Concerto; while Miss Phillips hopes to render Chopin's Scherzo in B_b minor, Miss Lelia Smith a Concerto by Hiller, and Miss Annie Evans Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor.

GUILDFORD SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

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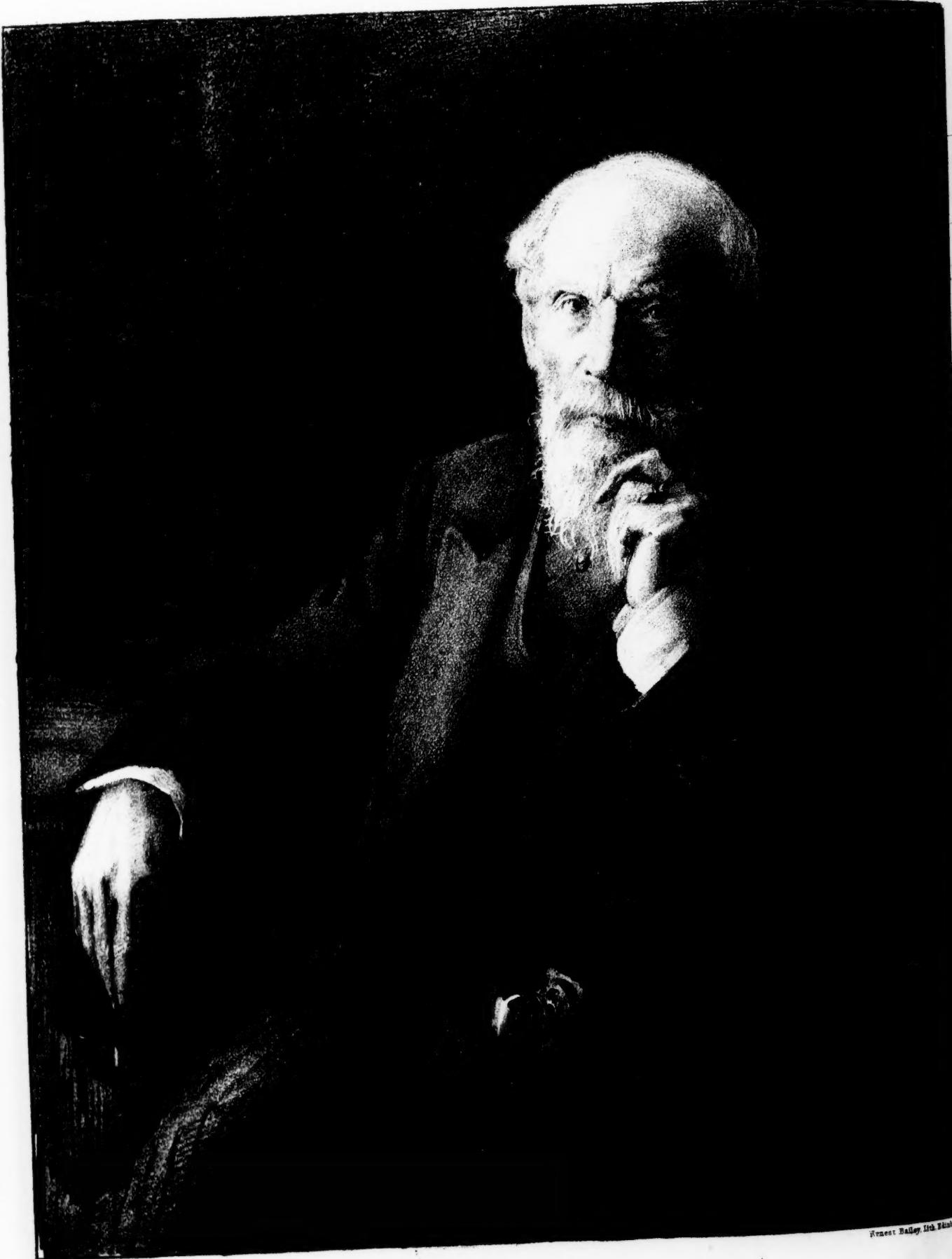
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MR SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

Ernest Bailey, Lith. Edinburgh

SUPPLEMENT
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, July 1895.

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5. Annen Polka	(For Violin and Piano)	J. Strauss
6. { Children's Pianoforte Piece }	"Sweet Dream" (Happy Childhood No. 3)	F. Leideritz
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With Letterpress and Portrait Part
SIXPENCE NETT.

SPINNING SONG.

R. Schumann, Op. 79. No. 28.

Allegro, ma non troppo.

Soprano.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Soprano, the middle for the Mezzo Soprano & Contralto, and the bottom for the Piano. The piano part features a bass line with dynamic markings like *p* and *f*. The vocal parts sing two-line lyrics: "1. Spin, spin, maid-den, spin, Your, your 2. Sing, sing, maid-den, sing, A, a". The vocal parts then switch to a different set of lyrics: "1. Spin, spin, maid-den, spin, Your, your 2. Sing, sing, maid-den, sing, A, a". The piano part continues with eighth-note patterns.

PIANO.

This section of the score continues the musical structure. The vocal parts sing: "1. dai-ly work be - gin. Let the thread be fine and fair, Like your bon - ny yel - low hair. 2. mer-ry heart to bring. Light of heart if you be - gin, Cheer-ly to the end you'll spin.". The piano part provides harmonic support with eighth-note chords.

The final section of the score shows the vocal parts repeating the lyrics: "1. Spin, spin, maid-den, spin! Spin, spin, maid-den, spin! 2. Sing, sing, maid-den, sing! Sing, sing, maid-den, sing!". The piano part concludes with a series of eighth-note chords.



28.

3. Learn, learn, maid-den, learn!
4. Raise, raise, maid-den, raise!
5. Pray, pray, maid-den, pray!

Your, your
On, on
Give, give

3. dai-ly bread to earn. Learn the word of God to know,
4. high your hymn of praise. Heav'n's great good-ness ev-er feel,
5. thanks to God al-way. Pray that faith may nev-er cease,

While the wheel is turn-ing so.
While you ply your spinning wheel.
Grow-ing with the threads increase.

3. dai-ly bread to earn. Learn the word of God to know,
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While the wheel is turn-ing so.
While you ply your spinning wheel.
Grow-ing with the threads increase.

3. Learn, learn, maid-den, learn!
4. Praise, praise, maid-den, praise!
5. Pray, pray, maid-den, pray!

Learn, learn, maid-den, learn!
Praise, praise, maid-den, praise!
Pray, pray, maid-den, pray!

3. Learn, learn, maid-den, learn!
4. Praise, praise, maid-den, praise!
5. Pray, pray, maid-den, pray!

Learn, learn, maid-den, learn!
Praise, praise, maid-den, praise!
Pray, pray, maid-den, pray!

MAY-SONG.

R. Schumann, Op. 79. No. 24.

Giocoso.

Soprano.



Mezzo Soprano.

1. A - gain in field and fo - rest The leaves are grow-ing green,

PIANO.



And down be - side the brook-let Sweet vi - o - lets are seen. How sad - ly we were

And down be - side the brook-let Sweet vi - o - lets are seen. How sad - ly we were

pi - ning, were pi - ning A flow'r a - gain to see, And in the leaf - y

pi - ning, were pi - ning A flow'r a - gain to see, And in the leaf - y

wood-lands To wan - der, wan - der, wan - der wide and free.

wood-lands To wan - der, wan - der, wan - der wide and free.

2d.

*

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2 How balm - y are the bree - zes, When win - try sha - dows flee; And

2 How balm - y are the bree - zes, When win - try sha - dows flee; And

p

mer - ry - ly the chil - dren Are shout - ing in their glee. The sum - mer sun is

mer - ry - ly the chil - dren Are shout - ing in their glee. The sum - mer sun is

shi - ning, is shi - ning Far o - ver hill and dale, And brings the time of

shi - ning, is shi - ning Far o - ver hill and dale, And brings the time of.

fp

ros - es And tune - ful, tune - ful, tune - ful night - in - gale.

ros - es And tune - ful, tune - ful, tune - ful night - in - gale.

fp

*

YES! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

WORDS BY
EDWARD FITZBALL.

MUSIC BY
W. V. WALLACE.

Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO. *pp* Drums. Trumpets.

1. Yes! let me like a
2. I on - ly ask of

sol - dier fall Up - on some o - pen plain, This breast ex - pand-ing for the
that proud race Which ends its blaze in me, To die the last and not dis-

ball To blot out ev' - ry stain, Brave man-ly hearts con-
grace Its an - cient chi - val - ry! That o'er my clay no

fer my doom, That gen - tier ones may tell, How - e'er for - got, un -
ban - ner wave, Nor trum - pet re - quiem swell, E - enough, they mur - mur

known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell, How - e'er for - got, un -
o'er my grave, He like a sol - dier fell, E - enough, they mur - mur

known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell, I like a sol - - dier
o'er my grave, He like a sol - dier fell, He like a sol - - dier

cresc.

fell.
fell.

mf a tempo

Drums.

ff

THERE IS A FLOWER THAT BLOOMETH.

WORDS BY
EDWARD FITZBALL.

MUSIC BY
W. V. WALLACE.

Andante.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the VOICE, starting with a rest. The middle staff is for the PIANO, featuring a bass line and harmonic support. The bottom staff is also for the PIANO, providing harmonic support. The vocal part begins with a melodic line, accompanied by the piano's harmonic progression. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with some words appearing above the staff (e.g., '1. There', '2. It') and others below the staff (e.g., 'is a flow'r that bloom - - eth', 'When Au - tumn leaves are shed'). The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano parts include dynamic markings like 'mf', 'dim.', and 'pp'.

1. There
2. It

is a flow'r that bloom - - eth When Au - tumn leaves are shed,
waft - eth per - fume o'er us, Which few can e'er for - get,

With the si - lent moon it weep - - eth, The Spring and Sum - mer fled,
Of the bright scenes gone be - fore us, Of sweet, tho' sad, re - gret,

ear - ly frost of Win - - ter Scarce its brow hath o - ver - cast, Oh,
no heart brave its pow - - er By guil - ty thoughts o'er - cast, For

pluck it ere it wither, 'Tis the mem'ry of the past, Oh,
then a poi - son'd flower Is the mem'ry of the past, For

pluck it ere it wi-ther 'Tis the mem'ry, the mem'ry of the past.
then a poi - son'd flower Is the mem'ry, the mem'ry of the past.

colla voce *a tempo*

mf

ANNEN-POLKA.

J. STRAUSS, Op. 137.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

1. 2.

f

1. 2.

fz p

TRIO.

f

f

dim.

37.

38354

FROM HAPPY CHILDHOOD.
N^o 3. SWEET DREAM.

Moderato assai. $\text{♩} = 60$.

FRANZ LEIDERITZ, Op. 15.

Moderato assai. $\text{♩} = 60$.

p una corda

riten. *in tempo*

rubato

Più mosso. $\text{♩} = 104$.

mf tutte corde

riten. *in tempo*

0.45.

poco a poco
dim.

legato

riten.

Tempo I.

p una corda

riten.

in tempo

p

smorz.

rubato

slargando

sempre dimin.

molto riten.

ppp

ppp

(coda)

** * **

GEBET VOR DER SCHLACHT.

Lento.

HIMMEL.

Musical score for 'Gebet vor der Schlacht'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in C minor (two flats) and the bottom staff is in C major (one sharp). The music begins with a forte dynamic (f), followed by a piano dynamic (p), and then a forte dynamic (f) with a tremolo instruction ('trem.'). The score continues with various dynamics and harmonic changes.

TEMA.

(CLARIONET - QUINTET.)

W.A. MOZART.

Allegretto.

Musical score for 'Tema' from Mozart's Clarinet Quintet. The score consists of four staves. All staves are in G major (one sharp). The music features various melodic lines and harmonic progressions, with dynamic markings like f and tr (trill).

“CHILDREN ON THE SHORE.”

Words by
M. S. WRIGHT.

Music by
HILDA WALLER.

Andantino.

VOICE. *mf*

1. A down the beach we rush, — Amer - ry throng; To
 2. Bu-ry with out an aim, In ear - nest play; Un -

PIANO. *mf*

hear the waves long “Hush” And cheer - ful song; To build up - on the sand Cas - tie and wall, Men
 tir - ing - ly the same Day af - ter day! Some-times the wave-lets run To catch our feet,

cresc.

Più lento.

in high glee to stand, — And see them fall! 1. 2. *Più lento.*
 Light - ly and full of fun, Like kiss - es sweet. 3. Some -

times no bab - by play, But gam - - bols rough; Yet wild or gen - tle,

p.

cresc.

wild or gen - tle we ne'er cry “e - nough,” We ne'er cry “e - nough.”

cresc.

V A L S E
in F Major.

M. CLEMENTI.

Presto. M. M. ($\text{♩} = 54$) ($\text{♩} = 72$)

The sheet music is divided into six staves, each starting with a measure number. The first staff begins with measure 1, the second with measure 2, and so on. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth-note and sixteenth-note figures, and dynamic changes throughout the piece.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE.

Nº 14.

Allegro non troppo.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

PIANO.

mf

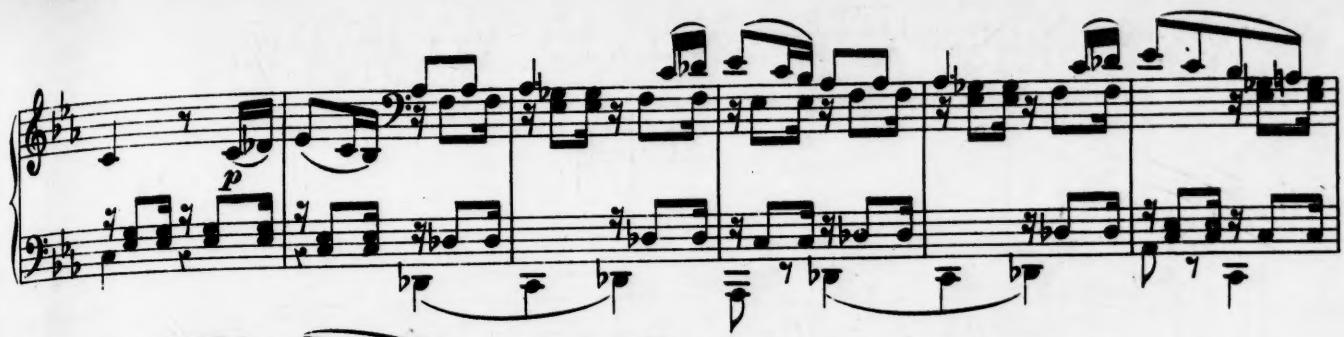
1. 2.

p

cresc.

ff

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cresc. -



cresc. -



dim. -

38604

LIEDER OHNE WORTE.

Nº 44.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

PIANO.

Adagio.

The musical score for "Lieder ohne Worte" (No. 44) by Felix Mendelssohn is presented here. It features eight staves of piano music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The score is labeled "PIANO." and "Adagio." The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, and various dynamics and tempo markings are placed above or below the staves. The first staff begins with "mf" (mezzo-forte). The second staff starts with "sf" (sforzando). The third staff has "p" (pianissimo) and "cresc." (crescendo). The fourth staff includes "sf" and "dim." (diminuendo). The fifth staff features "cresc." and "f" (fortissimo). The sixth staff ends with "dimin." The seventh staff begins with "p cresco." and "p". The eighth staff concludes with "cresc." and "f dimin." The score is signed "F. MENDELSSOHN." at the top right.

SUPPLEMENT
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, July 1895.

WAR MARCH —
— OF THE PRIESTS
FROM
ATHALIE

For Violin and Piano

BY

F. MENDELSSOHN

With Letterpress and Portrait Part
SIXPENCE NETT.

WAR MARCH OF THE PRIESTS
FROM
ATHALIE.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

Allegro vivace.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

38364

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8va ad lib.....

8

8

p

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

1

2

3

4

5

6

A page of musical notation for orchestra, featuring six staves of music. The notation includes various dynamics such as *p*, *f*, *ff*, *cresc.*, and *decresc.*. Articulations include *sf*, *sforz.*, and *tr.* There are also several markings with asterisks (*). The music consists of six staves, likely for strings, woodwinds, and brass. The first staff starts with a dynamic *p* and a crescendo. The second staff features a dynamic *f* and a crescendo. The third staff starts with a dynamic *f* and a crescendo. The fourth staff starts with a dynamic *f* and a crescendo. The fifth staff starts with a dynamic *f* and a crescendo. The sixth staff starts with a dynamic *f* and a crescendo. The music concludes with a dynamic *ff* and a crescendo.

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A page of musical notation for orchestra, featuring six staves of music. The notation includes various dynamics such as *p*, *f*, *ff*, *cresc.*, and *decresc.*. Articulations include *sf* (staccato forte), *sfz*, and *sfz* (staccato forte, zappino). There are also slurs, grace notes, and various rhythmic patterns. The music consists of six staves, likely for strings, woodwinds, and brass. The first staff starts with a dynamic *p* and a crescendo. The second staff features a dynamic *p* followed by a dynamic *f* with a crescendo. The third staff begins with a dynamic *f*. The fourth staff starts with a dynamic *f* followed by a dynamic *ff*. The fifth staff begins with a dynamic *f*. The sixth staff starts with a dynamic *f*. The music concludes with a section marked *8va ad lib.* and an instruction *s*.

